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A CHRISTMAS DUMPLING.— DRAWN BY A HUNT.

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A CHRISTMAS DUMPLING.

Some folk there are with hearts so dead
To homely joys, they see no good in
Old Father Christmas' jolly ways,
And laugh to scorn his beef and pudding.

Poor souls, they cannot sympathise—
So lone are they, so frozen-hearted—
With gatherings round the Christmas board
Of kindred who have been long parted;

Some by mere distance; some, alas!
By anger, till these Christmas meetings,
When friends long sundered meet again
With all the season's hallowed greetings.

Not thus do Johnson and his wife,
Who've rubbed along twelve years in marriage,
With only now and then a tiff,
Old Christmas and his ways disparage.

Jack welcomes Christmas as a friend,
A dear old mate both stanch and jolly,
And Mrs. Johnson, in like vein,
Crowns him with mistletoe and holly.

So being both of kindred mind,
In worst of times they save a little,
That Father Christmas ne'er may be
Defrauded of his dues a tittle.

For pies and puddings she is famed,
While none can set a table neater,
And at their Christmas board all find
Warm welcome, which makes viands sweeter.

Now Johnson is a merry grig,
And at unseasonable season
Will sometimes have, as goes the phrase,
His joke, with neither rhyme nor reason.

To wit, on Christmas Day last year
Helped by his eldest daughter, Polly,
Who gladly joins in all his plans,
He, harum-scarum, schemed this folly.

Around the well-served table sat
Good company, at least a dozen,
All deep-absorbed, absorbing too,
Whom with mock hope he tried to cozen.

Quoth he, "My friends, don't eat so fast"—
His face the while with laughter crumpling—
"The keen edge off your appetite,
Wait till you see our Christmas Dumpling."

Here Mrs. J. cried out, irate,
"For shame! You know all's on the table!
Good people, take of what you see,
And eat and drink while you are able.

"A bird in hand's worth two in bush,
So goes a good old-fashioned saying—
I say, worth twenty; so be prompt,
And let there be no more delaying;

"For while my husband, silly man,
His hungry guests would fain be fooling
By giving hopes he knows are vain,
The pies and puddings all are cooling."

Admonished thus, each one resumed
The pleasant work of knife-and-forking,
Amid the cheerful clink of plates
And pop of bottled beer uncorking.

But all good things come to a close,
And Christmas fare is sadly cloying;
So, gradually the guests relaxed,
With dainties at their leisure toying.

When reached this period Johnson cried,
"Now, friends, prepare to own your folly
In not accepting my advice:
Bring in our Christmas Dumpling, Polly!"

She in an instant fluttered out,
Soon with a heavy load returning;
Not, as they all half hoped, half feared,
With pudding huge in brandy burning.

High on her shoulder Baby sat,
With vigorous clutch her smooth hair rumpling,
An infant Bacchus, holly-crowned—
So this, then, was the Christmas Dumpling!

She bore him to the festive board,
Where, spite of Mrs. J.'s entreaties,
They gorged the infant prodigy,
And quickly sickened him with sweeties.

The guests being all in merry mood,
As after-dinner-time, befitting,
Some laughed until they fairly cried,
Some felt as though their sides were splitting.

From which this moral may be drawn—
Reserve your quips and cranks hereafter
Until your listeners have dined,
When sorriest jokes will waken laughter.

JOHN LATEY.

"HOME COMFORTS."*

(Boy speaks in his own mind to the inmates of his master's household.)

If cold, without the shelter of a roof,
I wend my lonely way,
I'll warm you soon within; for, see the proof
Of what I'm bold to say,
I bring some cordials for your drinking treat,
And this—to stir your bed and give it heat!

(He shows the warming pan.)

Warm with these comforts when you make yourselves,
Thank me for what I've done,
And spare me something off your larder shelves,
If I must feast alone;
For at this hour of Christmas Eve, I know,
You make good cheer, while I trudge through the snow.

Long is the road I've come from yonder town,
Three miles before me still;
Ah! shan't I feel the wind on Bollers Down,
And won't my hands be chill!
But never mind! I'll reach the Hall to-night,
Get supper by the fire, and feel myself all right!

* This picture is the property of Mr. Nettlefold, by whose permission it is engraved for our journal.

ADELINE MARSDEN'S VICTORY.

BY H. SAVILE CLARKE.

PROLOGUE.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

About a hundred years ago the representative of Gaveston of Gaveston Court was engaged in the melancholy occupation familiarly known as "going to the dogs." With a line of ancestors of whom the greatest peer in the kingdom might have been proud, with a coat-of-arms which bore an augmentation of honour bestowed in old days by a Sovereign for conspicuous valour on the field of battle, with a magnificent estate, an ample income, a fair wife and fairer child, Hugh Gaveston was leading a dissolute and degraded life; and the only question was when would it end, and another of the line be carried out to the stately mausoleum which towered above the village church.

Sir Hugh Gaveston, for the owner of Gaveston Court was a Baronet, had everything it would seem which a man could desire in life, and yet he was not only killing himself by the most reckless debauchery, but he was making away with the estate which, though unentailed, had descended from father to son for centuries. Sir Hugh was an inveterate gambler, and, seeing that he was also addicted to drinking beyond even the license of the time, it was plain to his friends and neighbours that in a very few years the lands of Gaveston would pass into other hands, and he would leave his infant son penniless. His passion for gaming in all possible ways was simply maniacal, and there was a story current in the county that when he had none of his dissolute friends staying with him, and could persuade none of his immediate neighbours to join in playing cards or dicing, he gambled with himself, transferring guineas from one pocket to the other with all the punctuality of a man paying his debts of honour.

It was thought that when Hugh Gaveston married he would, as the phrase runs, settle down; but matrimony, however much may be hoped from it, does not always wean a man from evil courses; and, indeed, there is no greater fallacy than the old saying that a reformed rake makes the best husband. Not that there was any semblance of reformation about Sir Hugh. To do him justice, he never pretended that he was going to mend his ways. He married a nice-looking girl of good family, with the laudable purpose of securing an heir to the Gaveston estates—which was, after all, a work of supererogation, seeing that he was gambling away the said estates as fast as possible. Lady Gaveston was a meek and gentle little woman, who had married wild Sir Hugh as she would have married any man she was ordered to accept by her parents; and, once married, and having found out her husband's habits, she resigned herself to a life of misery with the heroic composure peculiar to women. The Victoria Cross hangs on many a breast "for valour," as its legend tells; but there are women who deserve it as much as the brave soldiers who wear it—whose life is one long martyrdom, and who are too proud even to seek the poor consolation which might spring from the sympathy of their own sex. Lady Gaveston bore herself bravely, and no complaint ever passed her wan lips. Her infant child was a great comfort to her; though, at times, a terrible fear seized her that he might inherit his father's mania, and the little hands which clasped her neck so tightly might one day be as eager to seize cards and dice as were his father's. Sir Hugh was not unkind in his manner, but he simply neglected his wife; his whole soul was centred in games of chance; and, although he had borne a reputation for gallantry in his youth, it must be said, in justice to him, that her only rivals were the wine-flagon and the dice-box.

Hugh Gaveston's great friend and ally was a man he had picked up in one of his frequent visits to London, a certain James, or, as he was generally called, Jim Marsden, a man of low extraction but apparently wealthy; for he not only gambled with Sir Hugh as much as that worthy desired, and that was a great deal, but he very often lent his patron money when he or others had emptied the Baronet's purse. Sir Hugh was, in fact, very deeply in this man's debt, how deeply indeed he hardly knew, and many an acre of the Gaveston estate had already passed out of the infatuated gambler's possession into Jim Marsden's hands. So things went on; and, although there were not wanting friends and relatives who warned Sir Hugh, his was a hopeless case. The passion for gambling is indeed ineradicable, and when once a man has felt the fierce fever of winning large sums of money by the turn of a card or the fall of the dice, he will come to think all other excitements poor and tame in comparison with such pursuits.

The end came sooner than some people expected. One night Sir Hugh and his crony Marsden had been at a party, where the play had been very high and the Baronet had been as usual unlucky. The two left early, Sir Hugh insisting on Marsden's coming home with him, that he might try his luck with still larger stakes with only one person. Marsden willingly consented, and on a winter evening the pair galloped up to the door of Gaveston Court, and were shown into Sir Hugh's room, which was on the ground floor, and had a window looking on to the hall and staircase. There they played, and, to judge from his loud imprecations, Sir Hugh was no more fortunate with Marsden alone than he had been in company. At last the latter left the house, and it was noticed that when he did so he stood some time in the hall, for Sir Hugh had left him to make his way out himself, and that he even peered curiously into the dining-room on one side of the entrance. He might well do so. Jim Marsden was then inspecting his own property. That night had consummated the ruin which had begun only a few years ago, for Sir Hugh was in the prime of life, and Gaveston Court, with all the broad acres belonging to it, had passed away from the wretched man who sat in the stupor of intoxication, surrounded by the fatal pieces of painted pasteboard which had brought a noble house to shame. Sir Hugh had gambled away the whole of his inheritance; he was utterly and entirely ruined, and all he had to leave the poor lad who was sleeping up stairs was the empty title, which would henceforward be associated with the shameful story of his career.

There he sat, with his boots and whip where he had thrown them on his entrance, asleep in the old house which was no longer his; and when at last the servants, fearful of his anger if they roused him, stole up stairs to bed, they saw him through the window, and left him, little thinking they had looked upon him alive for the last time. But such was the case. Hugh Gaveston slept for some time, and then a strange change came over him; and when, with the early morning, the servants descended the stairs, there was a shriek of alarm, which brought poor Lady Gaveston to the window. Sir Hugh was still seated in his chair, but his head had fallen back, and his face was ashen grey. He had died, apparently, in his sleep—died, as it seemed, the moment he had accomplished the ruin of his family and brought reproach upon an ancient name. No suspicion attached to Jim Marsden, for the servants had seen him go, and Sir Hugh had been heard (so they said) taking leave of him in the room; but, nevertheless, as is so common in such cases, there were a good many ugly stories afloat; and people said that the apparent sleep witnessed by the servants when

they went up stairs might have been death, and wondered whether Jim Marsden had mixed anything with Sir Hugh's drink. For James Marsden was lord of Gaveston Court, and the county families bitterly resented that, and did all in their power to make him feel himself an intruder. He did not care much for their enmity, trusting in time to live it down. He had ejected Lady Gaveston and her infant son with cold-blooded punctuality, and he was perfectly prepared to enjoy in his own way the fine property which he had gained by his skill and luck at cards. It had been a settled purpose with him for some years, and he had infinite gratification in its accomplishment.

But Jim Marsden, though he did not care for the slights of the county families, would have liked to fill his house with boon companions—men such as Sir Hugh had been—from whom he could win more money, and thus add to the extensive property he had already secured. And at first they came readily enough; but after a short time he found his invitations refused, more especially by those who had been at Gaveston once; and the reason assigned was a little curious. It was said that there was something uncanny about the room in which Sir Hugh had died, and some people went so far as to say that, looking in at a certain time of the night, they had seen the Baronet seated in the chair opposite the table as he had been seen on that fatal evening. It was also reported that sounds of revelry came from the room when it was known to be empty, and visitors going up stairs at night were noticed to pass it with a suspicious quickening of their pace. Such stories told on Jim Marsden himself. Gamblers are invariably superstitious; and he became conscious of an uneasy feeling whenever he had to pass the window of Sir Hugh's room late at night. It was all very well to stand on the terrace outside and look down the valley to the little fishing village of Seaburn, which was nearly all his own, or turn his eyes to the woodland which stretched far on each side; it was pleasant to think that he—once a penniless adventurer with the uncomplimentary nickname of "Blackguard Jim"—owned the fair lands as far as he could see right down to the blue ocean; but it was not so pleasant to sit in solitary splendour in the dining-room, and hear, or fancy he heard, the sounds of ghostly revelry from Sir Hugh's room, and the sharp rattle of the dice he remembered so well. He knew that the excitement and the terrible losses which the Baronet had experienced, and which he, Marsden, had been mainly instrumental in bringing about, had certainly accelerated, if they were not the cause of, Sir Hugh's death, and, but for the fear of ridicule, he would have had the hateful room walled up.

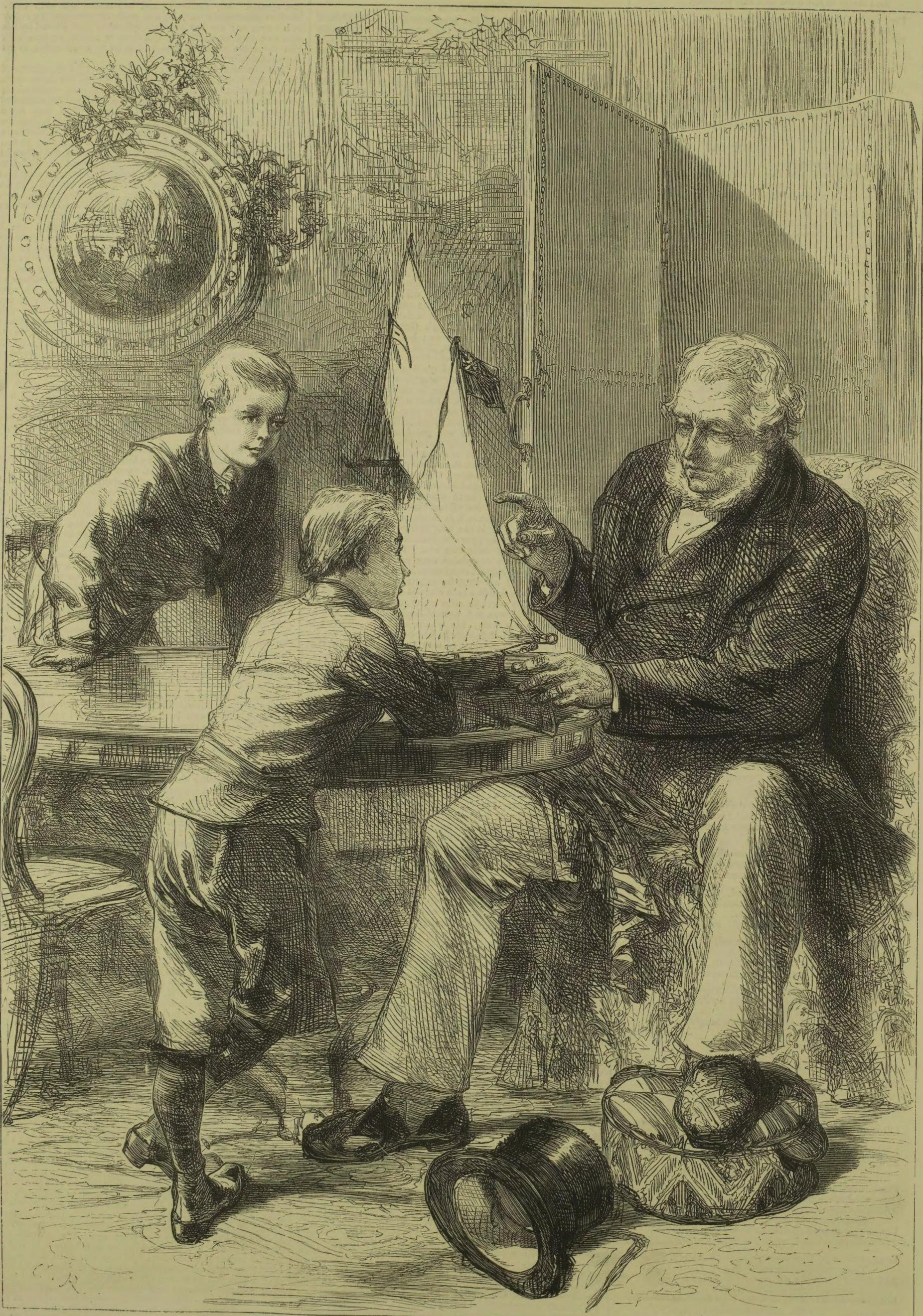
As it was, he had a shock one night which wholly unmanned him, and which made him leave Gaveston Court and never live there again. He had prevailed upon a party of friends to join him, none of whom, however, were staying in the house; and, after a splendid dinner, there had been plenty of high play, in which he had been unusually successful. He saw his guests depart just about the time when, on that eventful night, he had left Gaveston Court confident that he should return as the owner of it. He was elated at winning, he had not spared the bottle for himself any more than for his friends, he had forgotten all about Sir Hugh and the haunted room, and he saw his guests off in good spirits. "Remember me to the Baronet," said one of them, jokingly, as he left the house, and on the instant all his old fears returned. He went back into the dining-room and steadied his nerves with a strong dram; for he must pass Sir Hugh's room to go to bed, and then he prepared to make a rush up stairs. He had ordered the curtain which hung before the window inside to be kept perpetually drawn; but one of the servants happened that day to have disregarded the injunction. He passed up stairs with a hurried step, and he would have given his life almost to be able to resist looking at the room at all; but there is a fearful fascination about the chance of beholding anything horrible which few people can resist. He paused at the foot of the stairs and cast a scared glance at the window. He was startled at first to notice that the blind was drawn back, and then he fled up stairs with a yell of horror, for there, sitting in the chair in which he had last seen him, was Sir Hugh, with a strange pale light diffused round him, and a look in his eyes which gave James Marsden a thrill of terror when he remembered it, for the remainder of his life. He passed a miserable and sleepless night, those eyes haunting him until he thought his reason was giving way, and in the morning he left Gaveston Court, vowing never to return to it again. He would let it and go and enjoy his wealth elsewhere, but he would never run the risk of beholding so weird a visitant again.

So the old house of Gaveston Court was let, and, what was somewhat extraordinary, none of the occupiers complained of either ghostly noises or sights. Sir Hugh's room was used like any other, and there was nothing remarkable about it. On Jim Marsden's death, however, which happened about twenty years later, one of his sons came to live at the Court; and though he had brought a large retinue of servants and had redecorated and newly-furnished the house, he only stayed there three nights. He assigned no reason for his leaving but that he thought the situation unhealthy; a statement which made the Seaburn people smile significantly, as well they might, for who could be unhealthy with the glorious sea-breezes which blew round the Court; and the village witsacres whispered to themselves—he had seen Sir Hugh. The house was once more let, and the new tenants complained of nothing. It seemed as if Sir Hugh's spirit—if, indeed, the stories were true—only revisited his old home when it was inhabited by the descendants of the man who had ousted him. Certain it is, that for nearly a hundred years no descendant of the Marsdens lived at Gaveston Court.

CHAPTER I.

A HERO AND A HEROINE.

A century makes a great change in any place, more especially in a village or town on the sea. Even a few years are enough to completely alter it, and the aspect changes every year. How many of us remember delicious little hamlets by the sea, where health and quietude were to be obtained inexpensively, where you had to rough it a little at the village inn (though they cooked fish irreproachably), and where you made friends with all the fishermen over the evening pipe, and heard "yarns" that were derisively received when you told them on your return to town. Such places still live on the canvas of Hook, but they are very hard to find now, when nearly every cluster of houses near the sea has become that monstrosity of modern civilisation—a fashionable watering-place. You go down to the old haunt where your summer holiday was spent some ten years ago. You get out at the station—it didn't boast one in the old days—and you look around you in bewilderment. Where the old cottages stood, scarred by wind and sea, are now rows of new mansions, bright with stucco and paint and filled with gay visitors, who change their toilettes three or four times a day and comport themselves as in town. The old inn has been pushed out of sight by a smart hotel, where the piano is going all day in the morning-room, where the soles are fried into brown boards, the cutlets are greasy, and where it would be a positive insult



THE OLD SAILOR'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—DRAWN BY C. ROBINSON.



"When the servants stole up stairs to bed, they saw him through the window, and left him, little thinking they had looked upon him alive for the last time."—"ADELINE MARSDEN'S VICTORY." By H. SAVILE CLARKE.

PLAYED OUT.—DRAWN BY A. LUMLEY.

to the "Fine Golden Sherry" to suggest that it was ever even remotely connected with grapes. The waiters are greasy and defiant, and make up for soiled linen by extreme superciliousness, and even your old friends the fishermen have grown lazy and extortionate, and you have no pleasant converse with them as of old. An excursion-train comes in every other day crowded with the unwashed, who regard the ocean as a public bath, and are astonished to find that salt water refuses to lather—the only revenge which outraged ocean can take upon them. *Sic transit!* The place is ruined for people who like quiet and comfort, and you go home feeling that Alexander Selkirk must have been a man rather to be envied than otherwise.

Such a change had come over Seaburn, for upwards of a century has passed since we left James Marsden flying from the house and lands he won, scared from them by the ghostly glances of dead Sir Hugh. But the evil that Baronet wrought still remains with the family, the Marsdens still hold Gaveston Court, and the Sir Philip Gaveston of to-day is a landless man. Three generations have passed since the manor changed hands, and the Gavestons, though sorely pressed at first, have prospered fairly, the present holder of the title being a rising barrister. Marsdens have lived and died too, and the family is not extinct; but a blight seemed to have come over them with the acquisition of Gaveston, and the only one remaining is the present heiress of the estates, Adeline Marsden, who comes of age just as this story begins.

It must be noted that no communication whatever had taken place between the two families since Jim Marsden ruined the luckless Sir Hugh. The Gavestons naturally felt it very bitterly, and, indeed, their resentment seemed only to intensify, instead of softening, with the lapse of time. Furious at first, their rage against those who had ousted them seemed to be kept at a white heat as each member of the family arrived at an age to understand how years ago the gambling Sir Hugh had played away the estates. In no Gaveston had this feeling of bitter resentment been stronger than it was in the present baronet. Sir Philip Gaveston, for there had been no more Hughs in the family after the death of the gambler's son, was an intensely proud man, who greatly valued wealth and position, and chafed inwardly at having the title, with no lands to uphold it. He nursed, indeed, a feeling of wrath and anger against the Marsdens which was more like that of a man possessed of a vendetta than of a nineteenth century Englishman, who was particular about the cut of his trousers and was a member of Brookes's. His usually calm and impulsive face would flush when the subject was discussed, and an evil look come into his eyes; and, could he ever have faced the ancestor who had robbed him of his birthright, I think old Sir Hugh, wild and reckless as he was, would have been silenced. And Philip Gaveston seemed to take every means to fan this flame of passionate resentment, though, of course, it was utterly useless, and must have been at the same time painful to himself. He was constantly at Seaburn, where every step he took reminded him of the wrong. He was fond of wandering about the woods which clothed the long ravine, though nothing could ever induce him to enter the Court, even when it was at one time tenanted by some friends. His father, it was said, had cherished a wild hope of one day being rich enough to buy back the estate; but, even if he had acquired enormous wealth, it would probably have been beyond his means, for the rise of Seaburn as a watering-place had made the land increase greatly in value. The larger part of the new town of Seaburn was built, as the old had been, upon the Gaveston lands; and the income from the estate must have increased very much in other ways.

On a fine morning, one September, Philip Gaveston was leaning idly on the little pier at Seaburn with a friend—a brother barrister, named Tom Redfern. They were together; but the latter had only just joined him, and the first words Redfern spoke were, "What will you give me for my news, Gaveston?"

"That depends upon its character; but, as there was nothing in the papers to-day, I might make a bid."

"Cautious creature," said Tom Redfern. "One would think you had been born in the country of kilts and cock-a-leekie—a pleasing soup, I may remark parenthetically, and not sufficiently appreciated here. But this is really news that will astonish you."

"The sensation of astonishment is said to militate against digestion, and I've just breakfasted," returned Sir Philip; "but nevertheless I'll risk it. Out with your news!"

He was leaning lazily against a bulkhead on the pier—was just about to knock the ash from his cigar into the water, and looking supremely indifferent, when Redfern said,

"Miss Marsden has come home to live at the Court."

Philip Gaveston started as if he had been struck, and the cigar dropped into the water. He faced round and said, "If that's a joke, Tom, it's a bad one."

"It is no joke," said the other, "but a plain fact, at which you needn't start as if I'd told you your bankers had failed. It's news for the Seaburn people. How on earth can it concern you?"

"It concerns me much," said his companion, biting his moustache and looking moody and perplexed.

"Oh, yes, I know," said Tom Redfern. "Hang it, man! haven't you got over that ridiculous feeling yet? Your people lost the place a hundred years ago, didn't they? And it's not the girl's fault that she's got it. Looking like a heavy villain after pork chops for supper won't mend matters."

"Don't talk like that, Redfern," said Gaveston seriously. "You know my feelings about the Court. I must leave here. I'll never meet her; I should feel as if the sight of her were an insult."

"Please yourself. She is said to be a very charming young woman, and I intend to take an early opportunity of being introduced to her. Besides, as she's going to live here, you'll be obliged to see her some day, unless you give up Seaburn or go stalking about at night like a forensic phantom."

"Perhaps you're right," said Sir Philip, still looking very much disturbed; "but her presence will soon make the place unbearable. I can bear other tenants of the Court with tolerable fortitude; but a Marsden there!"

"Seeing that 'tolerable fortitude' includes a good deal of bad language whenever you hear a new tenant has taken it, I shall look with interest to your meeting the young lady."

"Meet her!" said Sir Philip, his lip curling. "From what I knew of the company her father kept, we are not likely to meet, especially here, where our story is so well known."

"My dear fellow," returned Redfern, "you don't suppose people here, even your own friends, can have this strong feeling you possess on the subject."

"I think I can trust my friends," said Sir Philip, in a proud voice; and Redfern, rather out of patience with such overstrained animosity—for so he deemed it—dropped the subject.

Truly it appeared that Miss Marsden had come home at an inopportune time. It would have been better for her to have waited until Sir Philip had gone, and taken her chance with her neighbours. For the prejudice against the Marsdens had not wholly died out, and was likely to revive again when

one of the race came to reside at Gaveston Court, while Sir Philip was living in Seaburn. Nevertheless, though she had heard something of the old feeling against her family (she was wholly ignorant of Sir Philip's strong resentment), Adeline Marsden, who was not given to change her plans readily, determined to come and live in the house her ancestor had won; and, after great preparations for her reception, she arrived at Gaveston Court the day before the conversation reported above took place.

Adeline Marsden at this time had just completed her twenty-first year. She did not look more than her age; but a woman's mental development is seldom to be accurately gauged by her physique, and Miss Marsden, as far as knowledge of the world and a certain quiet self-reliance went, might have passed for a year or two older. This had arisen from the fact that she had been an orphan for some ten years of her life, had been under the care of a guardian who discharged his duties in an extremely perfunctory manner, and as long as her school-bills came in regularly, and thus proved that she was still alive, never troubled his head about her. She would be wealthy, he knew; but he was wealthy also, and, as he had no son with whom to speculate matrimonially, he left his charge, as has been said, entirely to the care of her teachers.

And yet Adeline Marsden was a girl in whom anyone might have taken an interest, apart from the fact that it was in her guardian's case a duty to do so. She had a singularly frank and fearless nature, enthusiastic almost to the verge of romance for all high aims and aspirations. She was perfectly truthful, and, it must be said, rather scornful of the world's judgments, and at the same time most tenderly affectionate, and wholly loyal where she had bestowed her heart. It was an essentially lovable character when you came to know it, though some people were at first repelled by a touch of hauteur which was perceptible in her manners. I have put her mental characteristics first, you see, and not described my heroine personally yet; for, after all, it is the mind that *wears* best. I do not mean to say that, all things being equal, a woman with a fair share of good looks is not more attractive than one to whom Providence has denied the dangerous gift of beauty; but the fairest eyes in the world soon cease to charm if they are like the windows which open into an empty room. A man who marries for beauty alone will one day wish he had picked out the plainest girl of his acquaintance rather than the doll for whom—as a child has to do—he has to manufacture ideas and conversation. Not that Adeline Marsden lacked personal beauty. She had an oval face, with masses of dark hair growing low on her brow; grey eyes with long lashes—sweet and honest eyes they were, a nose a little bit "tip-tilted," to use Mr. Tennyson's delightful euphemism; and a mouth too large for ideal beauty, but exquisitely shaped. She was tall, with a perfect figure, and her hand and arm would have inspired a sculptor. For the rest, she had been thoroughly well educated, both in England and on the Continent, and it must be said that she had picked up some of the new ideas on woman's rights, and rather resented the fact that the heiress of Gaveston Court, cultivated woman as she was, and quite as well able to judge of political questions as the small shopkeepers and bumpkins around her, should not be able to record her vote at an election. I don't think she was far wrong myself; but this is a dangerous question, and may be shelved at once. Suffice it to say that on a great occasion in her after-life, when a certain gentleman stood for the county, she proved herself a more efficient canvasser than all the paid agents put together.

Such was Adeline Marsden; and we may conclude, therefore, that Sir Philip Gaveston spoke very foolishly and hastily when he declined to make the acquaintance of such a young lady, and even meditated leaving Seaburn altogether because she, the heiress of the hated Marsdens, had come to live at Gaveston Court. We shall see that his views underwent some modification afterwards; but in the meantime, as far as Seaburn was concerned, there seemed to be two antagonistic forces at work in such society as the place possessed, and gradually people formed themselves, as it were, into two camps—one ranged under the ancient and honourable banner of the Gavestons, and the other under the newer flag of Adeline Marsden, which, had it existed in reality, could not have been said to bear any armorial device at all worthy to be compared with the arms of Gaveston. How this came about no one exactly knew. Such social divisions are of slow growth, and the lines of demarcation are constantly altering. People oscillate between one set and another, and are not always to be counted on the same side. Various influences are at work, and a stanch ally may be converted into an equally active enemy by a mere slip of the tongue or an invitation of some kind or other being withheld when it was expected. Seaburn, as I have said, had grown enormously, and, though at this late period of the year most of the nomadic visitors had departed, there was a large settled population—professional people, retired merchants, and the like, in addition to the so-called "county families," who most of them lived at some distance from the place. A vast number of villas had sprung up outside the town stretching along the high coast line, and these were mostly occupied by residents, many of whom went and came night and morning between Seaburn and a large manufacturing town some twenty-five miles from it.

The country families and older residents, what might be called the ecclesiastical party in the place, and most of the professional class, had ranged themselves on Sir Philip Gaveston's side; while the residuum—I use the word in no offensive sense—held that Miss Marsden, of Gaveston Court, was as good as any Gaveston that ever stepped, and it was perfectly absurd to have a feud a century old revived to set people by the ears merely because Sir Philip Gaveston brooded like a Corsican over an ancient wrong, and had a vendetta fit on him which was at once (said the opposition) absurd and unchristian. The aristocracy of the place, if that is not using too big a word, denied any such feeling on Philip Gaveston's part or on their own. They merely said they were not going to be dictated to as to their choice of acquaintances; that they had never in old years visited the Marsdens, and they were not going to begin to do so now. They acknowledged Miss Marsden's beauty, accomplishments, and so forth; but they were not aware that these were in themselves passports to society. At the same time it was clear that Adeline's beauty and her frank grey eyes won her many adherents, even among the ranks of those who should have been her enemies, and held aloof from her on public occasions. Many young fellows defied family traditions for the sake of dancing with the fair Châtelaine of the Court; and when they did so they found her so perfectly unaffected and ladylike, her conversation so bright and pleasant, and her dancing a thing to look back to with fond regret when you were panting under the burden of a partner who seemed to think she should be carried—they found her, in short, so charming, that there was on various occasions a chance of serious mutiny in the opposition ranks.

trouble himself about his neighbours. You may live in London for many years and never exchange a single word with your next-door neighbour. You note the changes in his household. You see the doctor's carriage, which presages, it may be, a new hope for the future, or a lifetime of tender regret. His daughter, let us say, goes forth one bright morning, radiant as the sunshine, in bridal veil; or you come home one afternoon, and, seeing the blinds drawn down in ominous fashion, you look in the paper next day, with just a touch of idle curiosity, to see which of the family is dead. You have your own friends, pleasures, and pursuits, and your neighbour has his; and, in the great majority of cases, no acquaintanceship springs up between you. It is like two streams which, flowing through different soils, before they meet will run on for a long distance, it may be, side by side, each preserving its distinctive colour. But the streams mingle at last; and never, except in rare cases, do the lives of men who are neighbours in the great world of London.

Very different, however, is it in the country. There (I am speaking, of course, of a comparatively small place) people call upon new-comers, if they can produce proper credentials; or, even if that is not the case, they will still visit and judge for themselves. If you are not visited, you might as well go and live the life of a recluse; and your personal comfort depends a great deal upon those with whom you associate. Not being in the right set means that you will miss the companionship of educated gentlefolk, surely a pleasant thing at all times; and your children, if you have any, will lead but weary lives. There is no snobbishness, I contend, in desiring good society in the country, and it must come to you. In London you can seek it for yourself; and there are also literary and artistic circles, with a pleasant flavour of Bohemianism about them, which would perhaps rather horrify Little Puddington; but in the country you can be by no means so independent.

It will be understood, then, that Adeline Marsden's life at Seaburn was not made any pleasanter by the refusal of some of the nicest people to visit her. Nor was she ignorant of the fact that it was mainly owing to the strong feeling of Sir Philip Gaveston that she was regarded as a pariah by many of her neighbours, who should also have been her friends. She knew it was to the hereditary hatred he took no pains to conceal that she owed her exclusion from houses where, on her own merits, she would have been an honoured guest. She was immeasurably superior, socially and intellectually, to many of the people who snubbed her, thinking to claim a higher position in the place by following Sir Philip's lead; and she felt very keenly the gross injustice of his animosity towards her. What right had he, in this persistent and vindictive way, to try to visit the sin of a remote ancestor upon one who had done him no wrong? This was the question she asked herself bitterly enough whenever any fresh evidence of his evil influence manifested itself. She had, as I have said, high and romantic notions; and I almost believe she would have despised herself of the property to repair the old wrong; but that of course would never be accepted; and she chafed against the injustice of Sir Philip's feeling until she felt her position unbearable.

Here, then, were the leaders of the opposing cliques, both as angry as it was possible to be with each other; and yet, strange to say, there was an under-current of feeling, carefully stifled, be it noted, on both sides, which might have produced a very different state of things. It was a feeling common to them both, and yet it varied very much in intensity on each side. Both the man and the woman had a certain secret regard for each other. But whereas Philip Gaveston felt that, despite the fact that he had never spoken to her, and also his hereditary hatred, he had really fallen in love with Adeline Marsden at first sight; she, on her side, only entertained a certain amount of that romantic feeling with which she came imbued before she knew of his predisposition against her. Then, again, this feeling of hers was gradually fading away with the continuance of what she regarded as little short of persecution; while Gaveston felt both his love for her and his desire to drive her from Gaveston Court increase in nearly equal proportions. Such a condition of feeling may not be easy to understand, but it is characteristic of human nature for all that. The very consciousness of his love, and the knowledge that it rested on so slight a foundation, drove him to fresh denunciations of the Marsdens in order to cheat himself into disbelief of his passion. He could not be in love, he argued, when he scarcely stopped short of public insult of its object; and yet the fearless face and tender grey eyes haunted him continually. So, you see, Sir Philip Gaveston did not make himself happier for his indulgence in an hereditary feud. Few people do make themselves happier in the long run by running down or injuring others, though the first hope of revenge is wellnigh as sweet as the earliest dream of love.

Affairs were in this state when an event was imminent which profoundly agitated the small world of Seaburn. This was the infirmary ball, which was to be held early in spring, "in aid," so the local paper said, "of the funds of that excellent institution." A committee of influential lady patronesses had been secured and the invitations were being sent out. Of course, the tickets had to be paid for, but they were only sent to certain people in order to keep the ball select and not let it be "mixed," a term which in provincial circles seems to imply that if a ball is "mixed" you run the chance of having for your *vis-à-vis* an escaped murderer and a female convict out on a ticket of leave. Now it had been determined by the original committee of the ball that Adeline Marsden should be excluded both from the ladies' committee and the list of guests invited, and measures were taken in accordance with such charitable resolutions. But in this case those amiable ladies were disappointed, for they reckoned without Dr. Vincent; and, having so reckoned, Dr. Vincent appeared upon the scene and utterly routed them.

And this was how it happened. Dr. Vincent was the chief physician in Seaburn, and head of the infirmary, and he was, moreover, a most distinguished medical practitioner, whose fame was not bounded by the town in which he lived. He had amassed a large fortune in practice in London, and had come down to recruit his health and rest from his labours in Seaburn. There his services were in such request that he had been obliged to take up practice again, it being understood that it was mainly of a consulting character, and the old Doctor chose his patients himself. Now Dr. Vincent was a warm friend and stanch ally of Adeline Marsden; and a very useful partisan he was, for he went everywhere, and would never listen to a word against her. And when he heard of this plot his short grey hair bristled with indignation, and the Doctor was down upon the intriguers like an aged spider upon an unwary fly. Miss Marsden, he said, was a liberal supporter of the infirmary; she was most kind to convalescent patients, affording them rooms in some of her cottages near the sea for nothing; she was the best and bravest girl in the county; she should be on the list of lady patronesses and come to the ball, or he, the Doctor—he was talking to old Lady Faddleton at the time, and the threat made her turn green with fright—would pack up all his belongings and never come near Seaburn again. That settled it. The idea of losing Dr. Vincent made more old invalids than Lady Faddleton thrill with

CHAPTER II.

DR. VINCENT.

It may seem absurd to people who live in London—I am speaking of the upper middle classes—that anyone should

terror, and when he said he didn't care a—let us say a sesamoid bone—for all the Gavestons in Christendom, most of his hearers meekly agreed with him, for all Seaburn assented that to lose Dr. Vincent would be to drive away a man of high scientific attainments and the scores of visitors who flocked to the place attracted by his name.

Adeline Marsden was hardly so grateful to the Doctor as he thought she should have been. "It is very kind of you, Doctor," she said; "but you know how I hate being forced upon people."

"Forced upon fiddlesticks!" said the Doctor, in a high state of indignation. "You talk as if you were a dose of nauseous medicine. Does a man complain if you force a rare jewel upon him? You make me nearly as angry as Lady Faddletop did, and I have to see her twice a day now as a penalty for frightening her."

"You are too complimentary," said Adeline, laughing. "But tell me, Doctor, will my enemy—will Sir Philip Gaveston be at the ball?"

"Certainly," said the Doctor, still at a white heat. "He always appears on such public occasions. A stuck-up jackanapes! Oh! if I only had him under my care for a week or so, I'd take a little of that blue Gaveston blood out of him and cool him down a bit!"

I'm afraid the Doctor's partiality for Adeline made him unfair to his medical reputation; and, moreover, when Philip Gaveston did become his patient, no such operation as the one he threatened was (as we shall see) needed on the occasion.

"Doctor, you must positively cool down," returned Adeline, "or I shall have to perform on you. You are always more angry for me than I am for myself. Now, I want to ask you a favour. Will you promise me beforehand to grant it?"

"Yes," said the Doctor, rashly and unhesitatingly. He could deny Adeline nothing; for years ago, when he was young in practice and his wife was alive, there had been born to them one child—dark-haired, grey-eyed, like Adeline. She had lived some ten years, and then God had taken her; and the old man, though stern and full of scientific enthusiasm, had a very soft place in his heart still for the child he had laid in a melancholy London cemetery near the ashes of her mother.

"Very well," said Adeline. "You know Sir Philip Gaveston?"

"Of course I do," said the Doctor, astonished; "and you know it. Why on earth do you ask me?"

"I don't know him," said Adeline quietly.

"That's his loss," said the Doctor grimly.

"And I want you to introduce me to him at this ball."

"What! and let the man insult you!" said the Doctor, again fuming. "What are you dreaming about?"

"He will not insult me," said Adeline. "I know Philip Gaveston is proud and prejudiced; but, for all that, he is a gentleman."

"Perhaps," said the Doctor, doubtfully and still stubborn. "There's many a snob with blood in his veins as blue as the Plantagenets. The founder of my old school was right. 'Manners maketh man.'"

"But I hear his manners are perfection," said Adeline, rather to tease the old man.

"Ugh," grunted Dr. Vincent. "So you want to judge of them yourself, do you. Like all the women. Well, if I promised—

"As you did."

"Be good enough not to take me up so quickly, Miss," said the Doctor, with assumed anger. "As I promised, then, I will introduce you to Philip Gaveston at the infirmary ball. But, mark you, if the rascal says anything impudent to you, don't blame me;" adding, to himself, "If he does, by heavens! I'll poison him."

"I don't think anyone is likely to insult me," said Adeline, drawing herself up proudly, with a look in her grey eyes that flashed out through the swiftly-opened lashes like a sword drawn in the sunshine.

"No, no, certainly not," said the old Doctor; and then he took an affectionate leave of her, muttering, as he left the house, "Bless her! How like poor Mary she is."

Dr. Vincent was puzzled. He had written an admirable and exhaustive treatise on diseases of the heart, and could have given you a most learned disquisition thereupon; but it dawned upon him then, as indeed it had done before, that anatomical and physiological investigations into the structure of that organ were of no avail when you came to consider certain of its vagaries. What was the reason of his favourite's request to be introduced to the man who had, as it were, raised the neighbourhood against her? The Doctor pondered for some time, and then came to a conclusion, which others of his sex have arrived at—viz., that if you don't at once see the drift of a woman's petition about anything you had better not trouble yourself concerning it.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE BALL-ROOM.

The infirmary ball at Seaburn promised to be a great success, and was looked forward to with an amount of eagerness which would have amused people who are accustomed to one or two dances a night during the London season. There were generally one or two balls during the summer, but those were chiefly frequented by the visitors, were not under "distinguished patronage," and did not cause the excitement which attended this particular gathering. There was a good deal of gossip regarding the appearance of Adeline Marsden's name in the list of lady-patronesses; for the astute dowagers had not thought it necessary to state how they had been coerced by Dr. Vincent, and that gentleman, having got his own way, contented himself with chuckling in silence, and rewarded Lady Faddletop and others for their submission by patching up their constitutions sufficiently to enable them to appear on the occasion.

The eventful night came. The Assembly-Rooms were gay with flags and illuminations; the interior was decorated with all that the taste and fancy of the local upholsterer could suggest. He was a little too fond of garish colours, but he meant well, though a daring idea to have mottoes on the walls allusive to various diseases, such as "Think of the Poor Scrofula-Patient!" which had been inspired by a waggish reporter on the local paper, had been severely snubbed by the stewards. Outside, as if in honour of the occasion, a flood of moonlight silvered the sea. Nature and Art had, indeed, combined to make the Seaburn Infirmary Ball a veritable triumph for all concerned.

There is no need to describe what was afterwards most appropriately called the "festive scene." All balls in country towns are alike, and there was nothing to distinguish this from any such ball the reader may have seen. There was a fair sprinkling of pretty girls, and the dowagers did credit to Dr. Vincent's skill. Old Lady Faddletop, indeed, was so much rejuvenated that she was able to play whist all night—an occupation she regarded as more precious to sensible people than all present or prospective joys of any kind whatsoever. The conversation was well maintained at that

level of pure idiocy which distinguishes ball-room talk, and people seemed to be enjoying themselves thoroughly.

Adeline Marsden arrived rather late. She was accompanied only by an old lady who had been one of her governesses, and who was staying with her, while the faithful Doctor hastened to her side the moment she entered the room. She was very simply and quietly dressed; but there was something that stamped her as different from any other woman in the room, and, having once glanced at her, you seemed to see no one else. So, at least, thought Philip Gaveston, with a strange, mingled feeling of anger and love in his heart, as he watched her from a distance. The Doctor and her chaperone had hard work that evening, so besieged were they with requests for introductions to her; though of course a certain set consistently ignored her presence, she being allowed to be present because the Doctor had insisted on it; but it was no part of their bargain to break through the rules which had long existed in their families regarding the Marsdens. It need hardly be said that Adeline Marsden was supremely indifferent to all this; while many of those who considered themselves so superior to her envied her queenly presence. It was some time before Dr. Vincent had an opportunity of keeping his promise; but, during a pause between two dances he saw that Philip Gaveston was coming past where Adeline was sitting. Sir Philip was an undeniably handsome man, with a broad forehead, cleanly cut features, and short top lip, and he had that indefinable air of distinction which so few men even of high rank possess. He was going past when Dr. Vincent touched his arm, and when he turned round said, "Allow me to introduce you to Miss Marsden, Sir Philip. Miss Marsden, Sir Philip Gaveston;" and the Baronet, completely taken aback, found himself instinctively bowing to Adeline Marsden.

So for the first time since that fatal interview a hundred years before a Gaveston and a Marsden met. The two rival leaders had, so to speak, crossed swords, and the few people near them who had noticed the introduction looked on with much curiosity.

Now an introduction to a lady in a ball-room, if it means anything, means that you should ask her to dance with you. To be introduced and not to ask is to be rude; and Adeline Marsden had judged rightly when she said that Philip Gaveston was a gentleman, and would do nothing to insult her. Hardly knowing what he did, and, in his heart, execrating Dr. Vincent (who, by-the-way, had gone off and made Lady Faddletop trump her partner's trick by communicating the information to her too abruptly), he begged to have the pleasure of dancing with her. Adeline was engaged for the next dance; but her partner, coming up, and being paralysed with astonishment at hearing Sir Philip's request, at once resigned her, and they stood up to dance.

It was a waltz. Sir Philip was a most accomplished dancer; and Adeline Marsden had learned waltzing in Vienna. They had not taken half a dozen steps before they mutually discovered that, whether friends or foes, it was, so far as the mere exercise went, very delightful to dance with each other. It is almost impossible to dance with a pretty woman and to go on feeling furious that you have been introduced to her; and Sir Philip's heart began insensibly to soften towards his partner. Old feuds were all very well, but it was, on the whole, pleasant to regard a girl with such a hand and arm and such eyes, who danced so exquisitely, as a friend rather than an enemy. Adeline's head was cooler—a woman's generally is in such cases—but she was glad to dance, it took away a good deal of the awkwardness of the introduction. The good people of Seaburn were electrified. "Sir Philip is dancing with Miss Marsden!" was the murmur that ran round the room; and Lady Faddletop positively left the whist-table and hobbled to where the dancers were to assure herself with her own eyes that it was true, and not merely a diabolical invention of Dr. Vincent's.

At last the waltz came to an end, and then Adeline Marsden said, very quietly,

"I have something to say to you, Sir Philip; will you take me into the conservatory?"

He obeyed mechanically, and they went into a small conservatory, which had been fitted up at the end of the room, with a balcony overlooking the sea. When they reached it Adeline Marsden turned round and faced Sir Philip. The foils had crossed, and, to tell the truth, Sir Philip began to feel not a little uncomfortable, and he mentally resolved to tell Dr. Vincent what he thought of the trick he had played him; but that there would be much satisfaction to be obtained by such a proceeding, for the Doctor's tongue was as keen as his operating-knife, and he used it unsparingly.

Adeline Marsden looked Sir Philip full in the face, and said,

"I hope, Sir Philip Gaveston, you will not think what I am going to say forward and unmaidenly; but I want to ask why it is you cherish such a strange and violent animosity to me?"

Nine men out of ten would have parried the question by saying they did no such thing, she must be mistaken, and so forth; but Sir Philip felt that beneath him, so he said,

"Animosity is too strong a word, Miss Marsden. I do own, however, to a prejudice—not, indeed, against you, but the family you represent."

"Thank you," she said; "you are straightforward enough. Now, please, recollect that I am the only representative of that family, and have no one to ask this question for me. I know quite well the reason of your prejudice. I ask you is it fair and just to me?"

Curiously enough, that was precisely the question Philip Gaveston had never put clearly to himself. If it had ever crossed his mind he had stifled it by thinking over the evil done to his race by Jim Marsden, and he had nursed his animosity as men are accustomed to do their pet vices, confessing them very often with an openness which they seem to think excuses them. For instance, a man will say to you with engaging frankness, "I know I've a bad temper," as if that were a complete condonation of the vice, whereas he would hardly confess so glibly that he had a spinal complaint, and would certainly not imagine that doing so would improve the look of his vertebral column. That, however, is a digression, and I have left Philip Gaveston encountering that plain question, which he might easily have answered had the original perpetrator of the wrong been before him. But Jim Marsden had been in his grave nearly a century, and here was his descendant, a beautiful girl, with flashing eyes and queenly air, asking him whether he was not wronging her in nursing this hereditary feud.

There was no answering those fearless grey eyes with anything but truth, and Philip Marsden, who really felt it for the first time of his life, said, "I acknowledge it, Miss Marsden; my feeling is not fair to you, for you can in no way be blamed for what happened a century ago."

"Thank you," she said again, rewarding him with a look which made strange thoughts rise in Philip Gaveston's mind. "Now let me tell you how fully I understand the feeling you must have about Gaveston Court—yes, you wince even at my naming it; and believe me when I say that were any reparation possible on my part—any that you would accept, even at this distance of time—I would endeavour to make it."

She spoke so frankly and with so much sincerity in her tone that a wild thought flashed across her hearer's brain as he looked upon her eloquent face that he would take her at her word and ask for herself as reparation. But no, it would only expose him to the charge of fortune-hunting; and, besides, she knew nothing of him but that he had hated her. So he said quietly,

"I believe you, Miss Marsden."

Once more she thanked him with a look which made him wonder what strange spell there was in her eyes, and she said,

"And you will come and see the Court—not when I am there," she added hastily, seeing that he did not relish the proposal. "I will go away on purpose. You have never seen it except from the outside, I know; surely you must feel anxious to see the house in which your ancestors lived?"

Adeline Marsden spoke kindly and impulsively, but this was rather more than Philip Gaveston had bargained for. He had generously enough owned himself to be, to a certain extent, in the wrong, but he could not cast aside at once the strong feeling he had possessed for so many years.

His face grew sterner as he answered, "I am much obliged, Miss Marsden; but it is just because my ancestors lived in it that I had rather not visit Gaveston Court. My resolution is unalterable; I will never see the home of my forefathers."

Saying this, he bowed, and, gravely giving his arm, he conducted her back to her chaperone in the ball-room. There, with another bow, he left her, and thus ended the interview between the heiress of the Marsdens and Sir Philip Gaveston. It caused much gossip in Seaburn, but there was soon a more absorbing topic for discussion, for Philip Gaveston, in a strange fashion, did visit the home of his ancestors; and Adeline Marsden, in stranger fashion still, made reparation with her blood.

CHAPTER IV.

A VISION OF SIR HUGH.

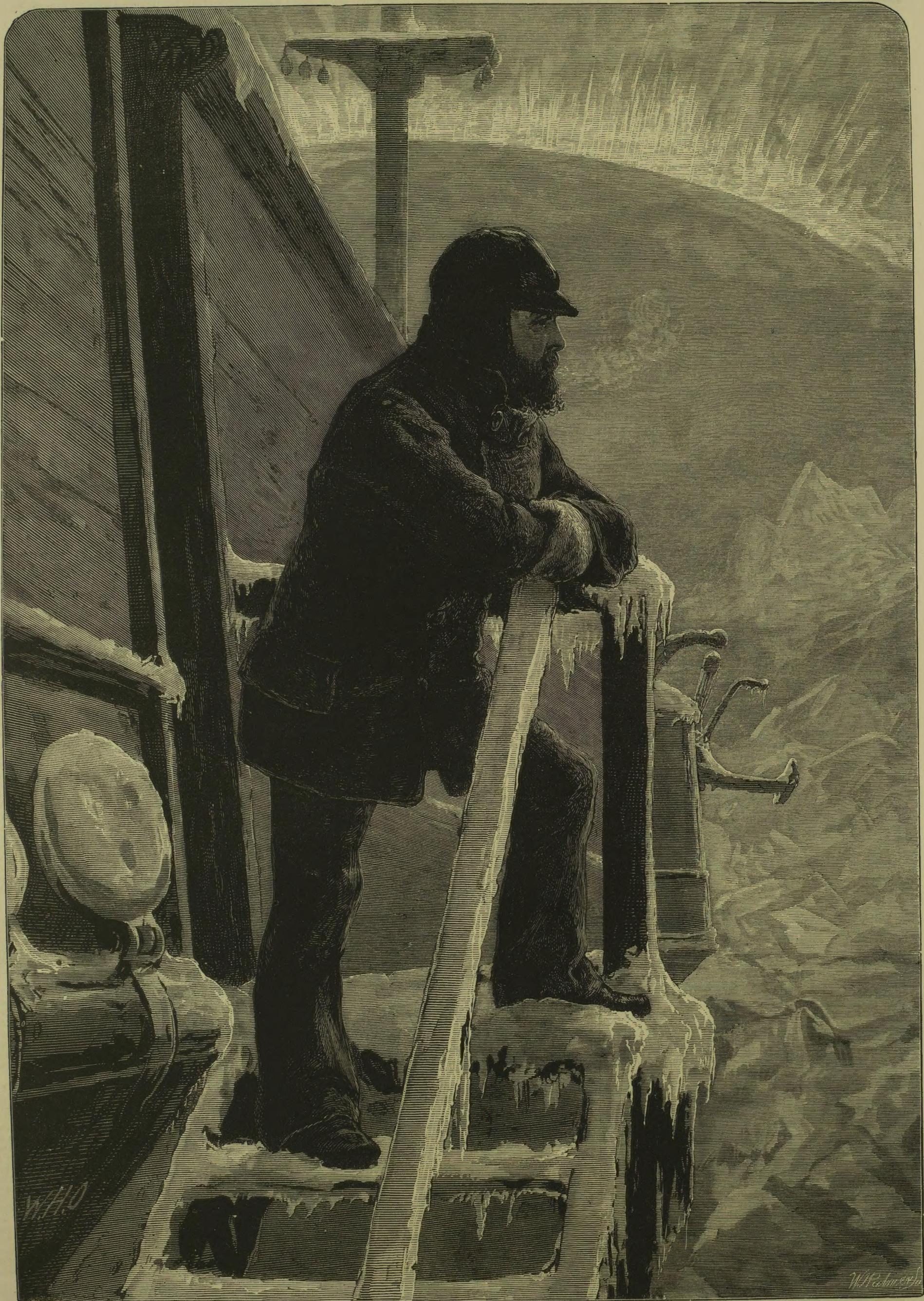
Many a man who goes on his way thinking that nothing can alter his mode of life—that he has settled down into one special groove, and no matter what happens he will still continue in it—is often surprised to find what an immense difference it makes to him when he discovers that one particular woman is beginning to enter into his calculations. He is safe from any special disturbance of mind so long as he divides his feelings and his attentions among a number of women; but the moment he has the slightest *penchant* for one alone he may make up his mind that his peace is lost to him for ever until he either wins her, or gives in with as much grace as he can to a successful rival. To fight against a growing partiality for a woman, always supposing it to be a genuine feeling, is, as a rule, impossible. We read occasionally of heroic young men plucking love out of their bosoms, and giving up their cherished dreams, but they are seldom to be met with in real life. "There are certain blue eyes," sings Walter Savage Landor, "which insist on your sighs, and the readiest to give in gracefully at the outset, and not struggle against the inevitable. If, feeling that you are taken captive, you try to delude yourself that you are free, the result will be only increased misery and discomfort, with submission as the ultimate result in any case."

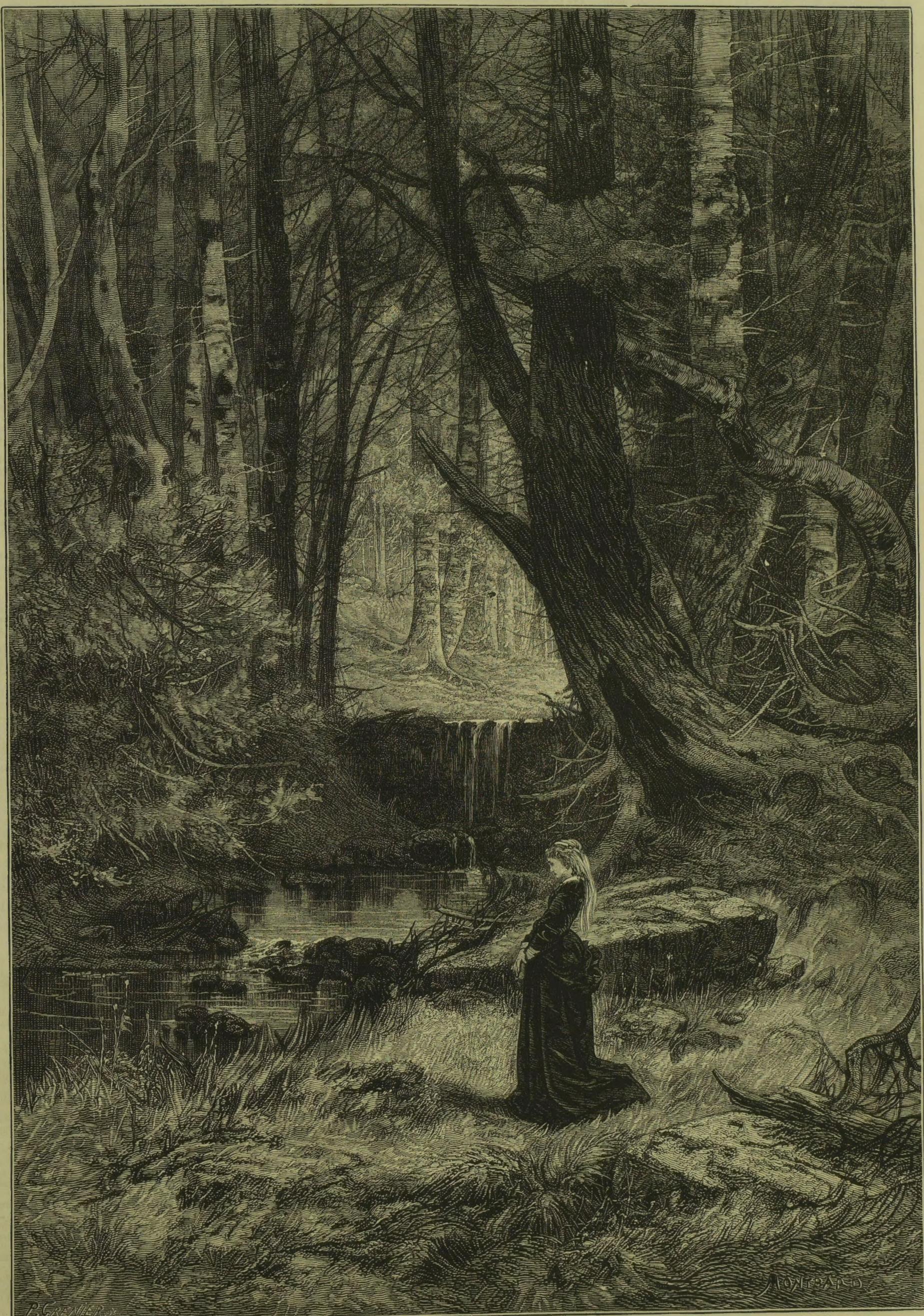
And yet that was exactly what Philip Gaveston did after the interview which has just been described. He had a strong idea—fostered, no doubt, by his legal studies—that a man ought to look at both sides of the question; as if love could be discussed with the same coolness as a disputed point of law. Adeline Marsden had completely fascinated him. She had possessed a curious attraction for him, even before he knew her; and now the grey eyes had come, had seen, and had conquered; and Philip Gaveston found it in his heart to wish that she had been a fisherman's daughter instead of an heiress who had the power to give back to him the estates of his ancestors. And yet, with this feeling strong upon him, there were times when he told himself he had been tricked; that a few frank words were as nothing when opposed to what had been the set purpose of his life; and he was not going to make friends with the hereditary enemy of his house merely because she was a fascinating woman. It may be imagined that these conflicting feelings did not make him any happier; and he grew moody and pre-occupied—so much so, indeed, that Dr. Vincent, meeting him one day, and accurately diagnosing his case, grimly recommended a foreign tour as the very thing to bring him round again. It should be said that Philip Gaveston had never scolded the Doctor for his audacious introduction of Miss Marsden; and that gentleman formed his own opinion on Gaveston's forbearance. The result of this hesitating between two opinions was that Philip Gaveston did not in any perceptible way alter his relations with Adeline Marsden. He was distantly polite to her when they met; and it was strange that he did meet her much oftener than formerly; but there was no public evidence that the old feud had been patched up, and the Seaburn people were very much puzzled.

As for Adeline Marsden herself, it must be confessed she was much disappointed at the result of her interview. Her previous good impression, in spite of his enmity, had been strengthened by Philip Gaveston's honest straightforwardness; but she was sorely hurt at his refusal to visit the Court. She was a little vexed, too, at his cold and distant demeanour, and sometimes thought it would be pleasanter to pass him as of old, without a glance or bow of recognition at all, than to be treated so distantly and ceremoniously. She had built too much, perhaps, on the interview at the ball, and not considered sufficiently the strength of the bitter feeling she was endeavouring to combat. At any rate, she was sadly disappointed, and Dr. Vincent, who read her like a cherished volume, every page of which one knows by heart, was angry with himself for ever making her the promise, and doubly vexed with Philip Gaveston for being so stubbornly unyielding.

Nor was Adeline Marsden without another cause of uneasiness, which, absurd as it may seem to some people, must be mentioned here as having a bearing on this story. I have spoken before of certain noises of revelry said to proceed from old Sir Hugh's room, and of the terrible sight which James Marsden saw—or, at all events, thought he saw—within it. Adeline Marsden had heard all these stories, and, being an exceedingly sensible young person, despite the romantic side of her character, had laughed at them. And at first she saw and heard nothing. But latterly, and notably since her partial failure to conciliate Sir Philip, she had heard strange noises during the night, which at first she had attributed to the servants, who might, she thought, have been entertaining friends. It turned out, however, on inquiry that such was not the case; and then our heroine began to get a little uneasy, despite her common-sense and her views on women's rights. On more than one subsequent occasion she thought she heard noises, and, though she never saw anything, the knowledge that a ghostly visitant *may* be seen is wellnigh as bad as a vision itself.

She questioned Dr. Vincent on the point, who laughed and reassured her. He had never seen a ghost himself, he said, and only longed for the opportunity, and there were several curious





anatomical questions concerning them which remained to be cleared up. A gentleman who was apparently solid, but who turned out on closer investigation to be a peripatetic conservatory—in more senses than one a hollow sham—demanded scientific inquiry into his structure and organisation. As a rule, he had heard that phantoms, like the spirits questioned by mediums, always evaded this, and he added that he was at the service of any well-behaved ghost who desired his professional service, which, under the circumstances, should be given *gratis*. That was all very well, but it did not prevent her from feeling a little nervous; and the Doctor, although he had judged ridicule the best way to meet her fears, was not at all satisfied with her state of health, and worked himself up into a frenzy of fury against the Gavestons alive and dead.

At last Adeline Marsden had a visit, or at any rate imagined so, from the Gaveston who had lost the Court to her ancestor, and it presaged an event which changed the whole tenor of her life. What she saw may be described in a few words; what happened thereafter will need more telling.

She awoke one night with the consciousness that someone was in the room besides herself. It is a weird feeling, and not a pleasant one in the dead of night if you are at all inclined to be nervous. She started up and instinctively glanced to the door, and then to the window. It looked out toward the sea, and before going to bed she had omitted to draw the curtains, so that the moonlight streamed into the room. Standing close to it and pointing, so it seemed, to the sea, stood a tall figure. It turned to her a seamed face with a heavy moustache. It was old Sir Hugh—they had a picture of him in the Court—and three times a shadowy arm seemed to beckon her to where she could just catch sight of the silver sea-line shimmering in the distance. As she sprang up the figure disappeared; and, rushing to the window, she could see in the bright moonlight a group of people evidently advancing up the valley to the house.

She threw on her clothes with all possible speed and hastened down stairs. It took her some time to unbar and unlock the front door, and by the time she had done so she heard steps approaching on the gravel. Half a dozen men were bearing something with them on a rude plank. They came nearer and nearer, and when close to the house Adeline saw that they carried the body of a man apparently dead.

The bearers reached the door, and seemed startled at seeing her. As they laid their burden down, Adeline saw drops of blood fall from it. The moonlight fell upon the face, and then, with a wild cry, she recognised it.

He had said, "I will never see the house of my fathers again;" but Sir Philip Gaveston had come home to the Court.

CHAPTER V.

TRANSFUSION.

Philip Gaveston had come home. For a century no Gaveston had crossed the threshold of the Court, and now it seemed as if the only representative of the family had come there to die. For Philip Gaveston, though with the pallor of death on his face, and with his life-blood, as it appeared, fast ebbing away from him, was not dead. He lay in a stupor which was sufficiently alarming, faint from loss of blood; and Dr. Vincent's arrival was eagerly looked for. He had been sent for when Philip Gaveston had been found; but it seemed likely that he would be too late, and that the last Gaveston would die in the very room in which Sir Hugh had died a century before.

Philip Gaveston had met with an appalling accident. He had been walking along the cliff the previous evening, and had apparently fallen over a part where there had been a landslip in the morning—a fact of which he had not known. He had gone along the ordinary path, as he had often done before, unaware that there had been any alteration in it. It was late, but he was accustomed to walk late in the evening, and the friends with whom he was staying made no inquiry about him till the night was far advanced. Even then, search for him would have been vain had not some fishermen seen his body apparently hanging against the side of the cliff. He had fallen over and been caught against a projecting ledge, where he hung with a broken arm, wholly unable to make his cries for help heard. There he had laid for some hours, and, even when he was seen, a considerable time had elapsed before they were able to rescue him. When, after much difficulty, he was drawn up to the top of the cliff he was nearly dead, having sustained severe internal injuries, and his rescuers took him straight up to the Court, that being the nearest house, one of them hastening off to the town for Dr. Vincent.

At last, then, a Gaveston had come again to the Court, though it seemed doubtful whether he would ever wake to consciousness; and Adeline Marsden thought as she bent over him how proudly he had said he would never enter her doors and how strangely the resolution had been overthrown. She waited anxiously for Dr. Vincent, and as she watched the unconscious man a tenderer feeling for him than any she had ever known before stole over her. There is always something which appeals strongly to a woman in helplessness and illness of any kind, and it seemed to Adeline as if some special fate had brought Philip Gaveston to her doors, and very strange that he should be obliged to accept the tendance of the last person in the world from whom he would have asked any good offices.

At last Dr. Vincent arrived, not a little startled at the summons which had called him to see Sir Philip Gaveston at Gaveston Court. What strange irony of fate was it that had brought Philip Gaveston to Adeline Marsden in this way, when he had so proudly held aloof and boasted that since the days of Sir Hugh none of his name had held friendly intercourse with a Marsden? Now Adeline Marsden was to have the opportunity of making some reparation for the wrong done by her ancestor a century ago; but even Dr. Vincent, in his wildest speculations, had no idea of how fully that old debt was to be paid, or I think he might have refused to visit the patient. He made a careful examination of Sir Philip, who was lying pale, motionless, and almost pulseless; in fact, but for the revelation made by the stethoscope that there was some faint action of the heart, he might have been pronounced dead.

When Dr. Vincent had finished his examination he went into the dining-room, where Adeline Marsden was waiting his verdict. In answer to her eager look of inquiry, he said,

"He is not dead, but I can give very little hope. He has suffered so severely from loss of blood while hanging on the cliff that it is very doubtful whether he will ever have strength

rally again. We had better telegraph to his relations. He is a married sister living in London."

"Oh! Dr. Vincent, can nothing be done?"

"Nothing. I have stopped the bleeding and done all I can for his arm; but I fear he will never rally."

"But surely you must be able to do something. You say exhaustion from loss of blood."

"Yes; it is only a question of time. He may lie as he is now for hours; but I am afraid it can only end in one way."

"Dr. Vincent!" said Adeline Marsden passionately, "you are a clever man. You should have all the resources of your art. Are you beaten? Is there no possibility of even attempting

to save him, or has the last Gaveston come to the Court only to die?"

"If I could give him fresh blood"—began Dr. Vincent.

"And why can't you?" said Adeline impetuously.

Dr. Vincent shrugged his shoulders. "There is one way by which his life might be saved. Mind you, I say *might*; I do not pledge myself to any positive statement; but I think it exceedingly likely he could be saved. Unfortunately, however, the operation I refer to is, under the circumstances, impossible."

"What is it?"

Dr. Vincent hesitated a little, and then said, "If I could inject a certain amount of fresh blood into Philip Gaveston's veins to replace in some measure what he has lost, it would be possible to save his life. That blood would, of course, have to be taken from some other person. I am afraid, therefore, nothing can be done. Poor fellow! I wish he had been seen on the cliff earlier!"

"Yes, Dr. Vincent, something *can* be done," said Adeline. "Take what you require to save him from me! I am healthy and strong, and do not fear the consequences!"

Dr. Vincent was paralysed with astonishment, and was about to offer an angry remonstrance. But he looked at Adeline Marsden and the light in her eyes, and the words died away on his lips. Instead of endeavouring to dissuade her, he said,

"Very well! It is fitting, however, before I accept your offer that I should tell you exactly what risks you run in doing this. I can, under Providence, save Philip Gaveston's life by this operation; but I must warn you that if, in the transfusion of the blood from your veins into his, the least particle of air enters your veins, death from collapse of the heart will be the immediate result."

Adeline Marsden heard him quietly, and said, "That I suppose is a question of medical skill. Surely I can trust yours?"

"I have never performed the operation, but I believe I am quite competent to do so."

"Very well. We are only wasting time, then, in discussing the matter any further."

"Stop a minute," said Dr. Vincent, resolved to say one word against what he looked upon as a mad and quixotic offer, "Why should you, who are no relation of Philip Gaveston's, who owe nothing to him but scarcely concealed contempt and bitter resentment, why should you—a Marsden—risk your life to save that of a Gaveston?"

"I will tell you," she said, her whole face transfigured by a noble emotion. "My ancestor wronged his. I told him I would make reparation if there were any way possible to me. Let this then, in the name of my race, be my atonement."

Dr. Vincent's eyes glistened, and he silently took her hand, bent over it, and kissed it. Then saying, "I shall be ready for you in half an hour," he left the room.

As Adeline Marsden waited for his summons, various thoughts crowded into her mind. She was going to risk her life to save that of her enemy, and yet if it should be successful she could not help wondering what Philip Gaveston would say when he recovered and knew that the blood of the hated Marsdens had saved his life. Would he not rather, could the alternative have been put to him, have chosen death with the Gaveston's blood pure in his veins than gain life by what he would look upon as contamination? Still careful for him rather than for herself, she resolved that he should never know, should the operation prove successful, by what means he had been rescued from the jaws of death; and as she came to this determination Dr. Vincent entered the room and said, "I am ready!"

His skill was equal to her heroism. Philip Gaveston was brought back from the threshold of another world, and surely Adeline Marsden had paid the debt of her family to the Gavestons, for she had saved him. Let me add that no ill-effects ensued to her: she was young and strong, and, beyond a temporary lassitude, she felt no inconvenience.

CHAPTER VI.

GAVESTON OF GAVESTON COURT.

Philip Gaveston was lying on his couch drawn close to the window, which overlooked the long ravine stretching towards the sea. His illness had softened him very much, and he had been extremely touched by the care and devotion with which Adeline Marsden had nursed him. He had no thought of the old feud now, or of any bitter feeling towards the gentle girl who had nursed him as if he had been her brother, and but for whose care he would never have lived to see the fair landscape on which he was now gazing, again. She had tended him unwearingly; yet now, when he was convalescent, she seemed, with a delicacy he could well understand, to withdraw herself, as if she felt he must think that here, in the house of his ancestors, a Marsden could have no place. But such ideas had long been banished from Philip Gaveston's mind. His illness had made him think very differently, and he reproached himself bitterly now for the old angry feeling towards Adeline—an animosity which she had repaid only with kindness. Remember that Philip Gaveston did not know how fully she had heaped coals of fire upon his head. At Adeline's request Dr. Vincent had kept his counsel concerning the operation, though he had distinctly told her that he should enlighten Gaveston whenever he thought fit to do so. The Doctor was, indeed, well pleased at the turn affairs were taking. Given a handsome young man nursed, with the tenderest devotion, by a beautiful girl, and, according to all the laws of romance, the two must love each other in time. He could see plainly enough that Philip and Adeline were being drawn to each other, and he felt that he had only to tell Gaveston the whole extent of his debt to his hostess, and matters would be precipitated. He could see that Adeline, now she saw the best side of Philip Gaveston's character, now that he had put off his old pride and his unreasonable hatred towards her family, had come to have a very tender feeling for her patient. There is nothing arouses love in a woman's heart more quickly and surely than an attitude of protection towards a man. It is in some measure, I believe, a kind of foreshadowing of the maternal instinct which leads a woman insensibly to love the person who has been dependent on her for care and attention. A woman is more likely to love a man upon whom she has conferred a benefit than one who has served her. At any rate, Adeline Marsden was beginning to find out that the image of Philip Gaveston was constantly before her, and she felt that when he was quite recovered and left Gaveston Court there would be a great blank in her life. When once you got behind the barrier of pride and reserve there was no pleasanter companion than Philip Gaveston. He was thoroughly well read and had travelled much, and nothing pleased him better than to see Adeline's grey eyes light up as he described some of his Alpine experiences, for he was a prominent member of that eccentric club, the heroes of which conquer virgin peaks and spend their time in endeavouring to launch themselves into eternity at stated intervals during the year.

His feeling with regard to Adeline Marsden was a complex one. When first he had recovered consciousness after his

accident it had been a great shock to find himself at the Court. As he gradually got over that there came, as I have said, a great change in his feelings towards Adeline, and one day he nerved himself to the task—always a distasteful one, more especially to a proud man—of apologising to her for his ancient animosity. I give some of the conversation; for when Dr. Vincent heard of it from Adeline afterwards he resolved on a vigorous line of action.

"Miss Marsden," began Philip Gaveston, slowly and formally, "do you remember our conversation at the infirmary ball?"

"Perfectly, Sir Philip," said Adeline; and I'm afraid you must have thought me very rude and forward."

"Not in the least. You will remember that I confessed to a certain feeling towards you, or rather let me say your family. I did not add then, as I wish to do now, a formal expression of my regret at the line I adopted. Since I have known you better I have come to be ashamed of my conduct in old days."

This kind of apology is very dangerous, and so Adeline felt it; for she said hastily, "Pray don't say any more about it, Sir Philip. I had no right to challenge you as I did."

"It seems difficult now," he continued, musingly, "to imagine I could ever have cherished such overstrained prejudices on account of what happened years ago. And now I am your guest here at the Court, Miss Marsden, don't think I am using the language of idle compliment; but it seems to me every day as if no occupant of this house could become better than yourself."

"It is kind of you to say so," said Adeline, rather agitated, "By-the-way, do you like the house?"

"It is a curious question to ask a Gaveston," he said, smiling. "I believe my hereditary prejudice in favour of it would have disposed me to think well of it had it been a barn. As it is, I think my ancestors, who look down upon us from the walls there, should be grateful to you and yours for keeping the place in such excellent repair, without losing any of its distinctive features."

"We have lived here so little," said Adeline, "that I'm afraid we can claim but little credit. You know the reason, I suppose, why my great-grandfather left the Court?"

"Yes," he said, laughing. "They said he had seen old Sir Hugh. I know it's a respectable thing to have a ghost in a house; and but for your care, Miss Marsden, the Court might have boasted another in my person. But I never believed it. May I ask, by-the-way, if you ever saw or heard anything? Though I'm sure Sir Hugh, for all his faults, would be too polite a gentleman to frighten a lady."

"Yes, Sir Philip," said Adeline; "I have often fancied I heard sounds from the little room in the hall, and on the night of the accident I saw Sir Hugh. I dare say you heard that I met the men at the door when they brought you up."

"Yes, I did; and thought, perhaps, you had heard the footsteps."

"I was warned by Sir Hugh. It was an odd thing, was it not, that he should appear to me, a Marsden, for such a purpose?"

With that the conversation ended. It was an odd thing, thought Philip Gaveston, who was startled, despite his professed scepticism, that a Gaveston should appear to a Marsden in any other guise than that of an angry man scowling at an intruder. And Sir Hugh had come to warn Adeline of his danger! What did it mean? Was there some affinity between Adeline Marsden and himself, which made her different from any others of her race? Was it possible that through her two families might be united?

Philip Gaveston pondered long over these things, and the more he thought of them the more firmly he came to the conclusion that, unless he determined to ask Adeline Marsden to be his wife, he had better not remain any longer at the Court, for he was rapidly falling in love with her. And this was very startling to him, for he argued with himself that it was impossible for him, a Gaveston and a poor man, to ask her for her hand. It would be like begging the estate of her, and Philip Gaveston could not bear the thought of that. No; the sweet grey eyes, though he had thought that he, on occasion, had roused them to sympathetic glances, were not for him; the sensitive lips would never meet his, though he might under other circumstances have dared to woo them, simply because she was Adeline Marsden and he was of the race of Gaveston. He could never take from a woman's hand what he, as a man, ought to have had to bestow; and, having come to this highly honourable conclusion, he was profoundly miserable for the remainder of the day, and so feverish next morning that Dr. Vincent looked sharply at him and asked what he had been doing.

"Nothing, Doctor," he answered, languidly; "but I have come to the conclusion that I ought no longer to trespass upon Miss Marsden's hospitality, and that I shall move down into Seaburn."

"Oh! that's it, is it?" said the Doctor, glancing at him sharply. "And why move down to Seaburn, pray? Isn't the air here good enough for you? I should have thought it would have agreed particularly well with a Gaveston."

"No doubt it does; but, nevertheless, I must leave."

"Something else damaged as well as your arm, eh?" said the Doctor, mischievously.

Philip Gaveston flushed crimson. "As you will have it so, yes."

"Then why are you going away?"

"Simply because I am never going to ask for a hand that can bring so much with it. Had I such a place to bestow it would be a different matter. As it is, I shall leave here."

"Bless me!" said the Doctor; "how high and mighty we are! And how about the young woman?"

"I have no reason to believe that Miss Marsden regards me in any other light than as a friend," said Sir Philip, with a kind of proud resignation.

"That's your belief, is it? Does a woman usually nurse a friend so devotedly and risk her life for him?"

"Miss Marsden has nursed me like an angel, and no one is more conscious of, or grateful for, her care than I am, but I was not aware that there was any risk attending it."

"I know you were not," said the Doctor. "Now, listen to me. You were brought here nearly dead from exposure and exhaustion consequent upon loss of blood. I had, in fact, given you up. Did you ever hear of an operation called transfusion?"

"Yes. The transfusion of blood in certain cases," returned Philip, considerably puzzled.

"Very well; your life was saved by that, and the person who ran the fearful risks attendant upon it, and gave her blood to save you, was Adeline Marsden. Now, are you going?"

"Adeline Marsden!" he said, staggering back. "Transfusion of blood! What do you mean?"

"What I say," said Dr. Vincent coolly. "Good morning." And he walked away, saying to himself, "If that doesn't bring my young gentleman to his senses I don't know what will."

Philip Gaveston sat speechless. He had been so near death, then; and Adeline Marsden had given her life blood to save him! The shock of the revelation stopped that blood coursing in his veins.

Just for one instant came a flash of pride. Had he, a Gaveston then, been indebted to a Marsden for his life, and was the blood of the race he had despised mingling with his own? But it was only for an instant that so unworthy an idea possessed him, and then what were his thoughts concerning Adeline Marsden. He owed her his life; need he demur to incurring the additional obligation she would confer if she bestowed upon him her hand and the acres of Gaveston? Dr. Vincent must know something of her feelings, and, without any vanity, he could see that his presence was not distasteful to Adeline. Should he ask her? Should the old feud die out to the sound of marriage bells—a Marsden give back what a Marsden had won, and once more a Gaveston reign at Gaveston Court?

The notion was a very tempting one, and Philip Gaveston's heart thrilled as he thought of the depths of Adeline's grey eyes, and of the happiness that might be his in the future if she who had saved his life accepted him. He was lying on a couch near the terrace window, which commanded a view of the sea. Even as these thoughts passed through his brain he could see Adeline approaching on the terrace. She came in through the window, and saw at a glance that Dr. Vincent had told him all, and a blush mounted to her cheeks under his steadfast gaze.

Then he spoke. "Adeline," he said, and her heart thrilled at his utterance of her name, "I have just heard that I owe my recovery to you. Will you share with me the life you have given, and brighten the existence which would have ended but for you? I know I am asking what is very precious; but you, who have given so much, may give this also. Will you be my wife?"

The lashes drooped lower, and a great tear fell on the hand he had taken, and she murmured, faintly,

"This is gratitude."

"No," he said; "it is love."

And Adeline Marsden surrendered.

The feud was over—a Marsden had atoned for the old wrong; love had triumphed over hate. Sir Hugh's ghost had lost its occupation; and a Gaveston ruled once more at Gaveston Court.

"SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS."

On two hind legs, the four-legged pensioner,
Sitting upright, like any human sinner,
Begs Child and Maid, who watch the kitchen window,
"Give me a scrap of what you've had for dinner."

Yes, Doggy! Here's the legbone of a turkey,
With other morsels, laid on Willy's platter:
Which ought, we think, to satisfy your hunger,
And make your lanky sides a little fatter.

You're not *our* dog, you know. But oft unbidden
You come and tell us of your destitution;
Take this—but seek another house to-morrow,
And ask our neighbour for *his* contribution!

"FAR AWAY!"

Keeping Christmas in England, with a warming open fire and the good cheer of a well-supplied dinner-table, which many families in this snug country of ours possess, we ought to feel more than content. We may spare a thought of sympathy for the brave Englishmen on board H.M.S. Alert and H.M.S. Discovery, who pass this festive season in the Arctic regions of intense cold. How should we like to be condemned to seven or eight months of winter quarters on the coasts of Smith Sound or Kennedy Channel, near the 80th degree of north latitude, with the thermometer sometimes forty or fifty degrees below zero? There is not even a glimmer of twilight from the sun, after the close of November, when the glorious orb of day has bidden good-bye to the Arctic world. But the stars continue to shine at all hours with equal brilliancy; and the moon, during ten days of each month, sheds a copious supply of clear soft light, never once setting in that time, but moving in a circle round the horizon. The sky is cloudless, and the white expanse of earth and frozen sea reflects the light so powerfully that everything can be done as freely as by day-light. The sun does not reappear till the middle of February, after more than a hundred days' total absence. We are sure Captain Nares and Captain Stephenson and Commander Markham, with the reverend author of "Dame Europa's School," and the other gallant gentlemen, whose portraits were in this Journal when they left us last summer, will be very glad to see the sun again, as we can even now see it, when not prevented by English clouds or by London fog and smoke. The Chaplain will be reading one Sunday morning to his small congregation of grave and manly hearers that significant text from Ecclesiastes, "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." And as they wistfully look southward, day after day, watching for the faintest flush at the verge of that awful sky, how deep and true will be their sense of the Divine bounty, which has ordained, for all habitable parts of the globe, a daily caress from the gladsome and mighty visitant of each new morning! For there is a sun which does not set at all:—

It gleams on the eternal snows, beneath the Polar Star,
And with a radiant Cross it lights the Southern deep afar
And Christmas morn is but the dawn, the herald of a day
That circles in its boundless love, no winter, no decay.

These consolations are doubtless offered to our countrymen in the Arctic Seas, and they will certainly feel themselves as near heaven as if their Christmas were kept with us. But none of them will fail also to remember the friends whom they have left here; the wives and children, or the parents, brothers, and sisters, whose affections they trust—and not in vain, we promise them—for an equally kind remembrance of the brave men "far away."

"A GLEAM OF HOPE."

"I drift away to death! 'Twill meet me lonely,
The last survivor of unhappy men,
Some drowned, some famished; I have lingered only
To die alone; am I less wretched, then?

"Since, with the roaring of the tempest mingled,
I hear a comrade's shriek of fierce despair,
Demanding, why from all should I be singled,
When they are dead, to breathe the vital air

"Their ghosts flit past me, calling and complaining
Wait, brothers! I go with you soon, I think;
The timbers of this hulk, by dint of straining,
Have parted now—I feel the vessel sink!

Yet no! A gleam of hope in yonder heaven!
The lifted cloud, between that sea and sky,
Shows a near sail! To God my heart be given!
Now sinks my ship—but now I shall not die!"

MR. IRVING AS MACBETH.

It was to be expected that on Mr. Irving assuming the character of Macbeth he would be liable to more severe criticism than he had sustained on the performance of Hamlet. It is harder to secure the second step in progress than the first. Indulgence is granted to the first, mainly because it is the first, and if, in despite of some shortcomings, a certain degree of merit is recognisable, it is probable that, in general esteem, a success will be registered. In making the second attempt the first will have an antagonistic operation. The actor may have been equal to Hamlet; but is he therefore equal to Macbeth? The intellectual elements so cunningly mixed up in him may have exactly fitted him for the Prince of Denmark, but may be exactly the reverse in regard to the Thane of Cawdor. In fact, the contrast of the two characters is greater than their comparison. On the Continental stage, indeed, the same actor who had identified himself with Hamlet or Romeo, would scarcely be regarded as suited to Macbeth, Lear, or Othello. These parts represent different lines of art, and presuppose different powers in the artist. They stand in the relation, to begin with, of young and old; and the same person runs a risk of looking too young for the old part, or too old for the young one; too heavy for the one and too light for the other. The audience, on the first night, compared Mr. Irving's Macbeth with Mr. Irving's Hamlet; and it naturally happened that there were several who preferred the latter. Those who were willing to grant a fair trial to the former were at the same time cautious in pronouncing on the new attempt. They reserved their opinion until they had witnessed the performance a second time.

There was reason for that caution on many accounts. There are real differences between the two characters not easy to be bridged over. Both are exceedingly complex, and present themselves in various lights. Shakespeare's great characters are difficult in this respect. They are not simple ideas, but composites of many; and often it happens that their nature differs greatly on a superficial and on a profound inspection. They are not what on the outside they appear to be; the inner soul of them gives a different report from the body. This is eminently the case with Macbeth. All manner of mistakes are made about him, because the history of him, which is merely hinted at in the tragedy, is nowhere fully expressed. Let us consider this phase of the matter a little.

The keynote to the historical position is to be found in King Duncan's reference to the principedom of Cumberland, his disposition of which determines Macbeth to take the long-contemplated step of his assassination. Here there is a breach of an implied contract, which the discontented thane obviously resents. The explanation of the matter is this:—The succession to the throne had only recently been elective; but after the murder of Malcolm, by Kenneth, the throne was made successive in the line of the latter; after whose death there were contests for the succession. Ultimately, Macbeth became the next in blood to the throne, and would have followed Duncan in its possession. The elevation of Duncan's son was thus an infringement of Macbeth's rights. But Shakespeare presents to us the murder of Duncan as determined on previous to the suffering of this wrong. Yes: we must recognise Macbeth's long-outstanding claims to the crown, which had been forcibly, or otherwise, set aside upon Duncan's accession. It had been the one thought of Macbeth and his lady how to recover their lost rights; but meanwhile they temporised. This is the state of circumstances suggested rather than realised in the early scenes of the play. According to them, we may see that Macbeth is neither an ambitious usurper nor a vulgar murderer. Remorse accompanies the crime which he commits, not follows it only; because it is alien to that nobility and bravery of spirit which are ascribed to him at the beginning of the play. It is to Lady Macbeth that ambition should be attributed, just as, in *Othello*, jealousy originally belongs to Iago, not to the Moor. Her conduct has no type in the historical Lady Macbeth. The circumstances of the murder, and her behaviour, are borrowed from another story, also to be found in Holinshed. In his relation of the murder of King Duffe by Donwald, captain of Forres' Castle, he describes the captain's wife as having "devised the means whereby her husband might soonest accomplish the murder of Duffe." The consummation of the deed is also ascribed to her, and Donwald, we are told, "greatly abhorred the act in his heart." This is the idea which our great poet has involved in his murder scene; and he has ascribed the conduct of Duncan's wife to Lady Macbeth, who certainly had no hand in Duncan's murder, seeing that the historical Duncan was never murdered at all, but was slain in fair fight during the civil war between him and Macbeth. Holinshed, however, describes Lady Macbeth as a woman "very ambitious, burning in unquenchable desire to bear the name of queen." In spirit, therefore, she was the double of the captain's wife. To Macbeth Shakespeare has attributed Donwald's conscientious abhorrence of the act, and his accompanying remorse arises from the unwillingness of an originally noble nature to use such wrong means to attain even a righteous end. Mr. Irving, in showing throughout the incident the paramount presence of this remorse, which looks like cowardice, perhaps, to an indolent or vulgar spectator, acts in the spirit of his poet, who, from historical materials and the storehouse of his own affluent imagination, created and made the ideal personages of his drama. Harrington takes a similar view of Donwald's character, moralising upon the incidents in these terms: "That which disturbed his (Duffe's) five years' reign was the turbulence of the northern people, whom, when he had reduced and taken, with intent to make exemplary punishment, Donwald, the commander of the castle of Forres, where he then lay, interceded for some of them, but, being repulsed and *exasperated by his wife*, after he had made all his servants drunk, slew him in his bed, and buried him under a little bridge." This is the suggestion, the reader will see, that Shakespeare wrought into the second act of his drama. We are glad to find that in the Lyceum version of the play the drunken porter is retained, as it was also in Mr. Phelps's restoration of the tragedy at Sadler's Wells.

From what we have above stated, it will be seen that Macbeth's crime was contemplated long before he had met the witches. Shakespeare treats them as the exponents of Macbeth's state of mind, not as the prompters of his guilt. He knew, with the apostle, that "when a man is tempted, he is tempted of his own lusts, and enticed." Macbeth, though not a radically ambitious man, is a superstitious one. The country he is native of is a superstitious country; the King of Scotland is also as superstitious as his people; and the neighbouring King of England, as Shakespeare is careful to make us know, is, with his people, as superstitious as they. That which differentiates Macbeth from them is his poetical temperament. All through we find him abundant in the use of poetic diction, and exceedingly high-toned in his imaginations. So accustomed is he to poetical ideas that he has, in fact, his fancies under control, and can reason upon them in his greatest exigencies. Not so with Lady Macbeth. More materialistic in her notions, she is at first sceptical, but when the commission of crime has kindled the feeling in her, as it frequently does with criminals, the spiritual nature of which before she had

remained unconscious becomes manifest; when conscience is thoroughly awakened, and the soul has conceived terror of the consequences of guilt, then she becomes somnolent and subdued to a settled despair. She is possessed and driven on by the unaccustomed ideas, which Macbeth, being familiar with them, has entirely under his control, and thoroughly possesses as factors which are ministers and servants to his will. Mr. Irving, therefore, is perfectly right in taking a philosophical view of the witch element in the drama, and portraying Macbeth, in the later phases of the action, as completely independent of it, and resuming that comparative nobility and valour with which he is accredited in the earlier scenes. Upon the whole, therefore, we conclude that Mr. Irving, in his Macbeth delineation, has shown considerable genius and great judgment.

"DON'T, COUSIN CHARLEY!"

Though in grave matters of affection
Each has his special predilection,
Were beauty duly crowned, our Clara
Would surely wear a bright tiara;
Besides, she's wondrous wise and witty
And has a soul of tenderest pity;
Her faults, so small, defy detection;
She's pink of all perfection.

Last Christmas, 'midst the pirouetting,
She snatched a minute to be setting,
Or see 'twas set, the table neatly,
A few last touches giving fealty,
When, tiptoe, stole in Cousin Charley,
Meaning, without a word of parley,
To pounce upon her lips, twin cherries,
By right of mistletoe's white berries
(Hung temptingly aloft, no wonder it)
Tempted one, with tempting beauty under it),
In fact, to take at least a dozen
Sweet kisses from his charming cousin.
But Clara, usually so gracious,
Waxed for a lady most pugnacious.
At first she tried expostulation,
And thought to pass it off as joking,
But found the matter too provoking;
Then anger mixed with her vexation.
Yes, Charles was wrong, he might suppose;
Young lady likes her kiss *sub rosa*.
"If you presume (quoth she) to do it,
I warrant, Sir, you'll quickly rue it."
Her blue eyes gleamed, their tender glances
Turned for the time to fiery lances.
Her hot words seemed the youth to blister—
She who had been his more than sister:
"You quite forget that now you're *Mister*
Not *Master* Charles, whose ways bucolic
Were pardoned as a boyish frolic.
I've looked with pleasure to your coming,
And now you've spoilt it with this mumming."

Then, seeing Charley hotly burning,
And all her gentleness returning,
To other things she made allusion,
To mitigate his great confusion;
And one among her many ruses
Was this, to make for him excuses.
He little thought while he was going
The wide world over she was growing,
Had grown indeed, a prim old maiden,
With household cares and troubles laden,
From Monday through the week, to Sunday
And in deep awe of Mrs. Grundy.
When gentlemen leave off their jackets
They should eschew their schoolboy rackets.
His thoughts, she saw, had led him straying,
Far back when they had gone a-Maying.
In that long past delicious weather
How they had roved for days together!
"And O! do you remember, Charley,
The time you fought that lout Bob Snarley.
And didn't I do your exercises,
And win for you all kinds of prizes?
Dear me! a lad, then I could teach you,
Now I a ladder need to reach you!"
Then followed question after question,
And on their heels some new suggestion.
What countries had he been exploring?
What deserts with fierce lions roaring?

Was this the lady who so lately
Was scolding Cousin Charles irately?
What puzzle woman is, confounding
The wisest, far past my propounding;
She veils affection lest her lover
The secret should too soon discover;
But then, thank Heaven, perpetual masking;
Is far beyond most women's tasking;
And oft their method of concealment
Is made the means of its reversion.
Why had this girl, now all vivacity,
Refused his kiss with such tenacity?
Perhaps she'd pictured him low pleading
With earnest accents interceding
For something sweeter far than kisses,
Or any such quick-fleeting blisses—
For love she long had been concealing,
For love she longed to be revelling?
Perhaps?—but vain each guess. Who knew
The purpose of each wind that bloweth?
And whence it cometh, whither goeth?
As fluctuating as the wind is
So, round one point, a woman's mind is,
Yet ever to that point returning,
The cynosure of her heart's yearning.
Whate'er the tiff, it now was ended,
And the slight fracture wholly mended.
She listened to his tale delighted,
Though at his dangers half-affrighted
And he was blest beyond narration
In Clara's grace and conversation.
They chatted on and on, unknewing
How rapidly the time was going.
Clara was first to stop the talking,
And, all her curious feelings balking,
Said, "We must break off for the present
Although to hear you is so pleasant;
Yes, positively, I must free you,
For many others long to see you.
So this young couple, blithe and hearty,
Went off to join the family party.

By way of postscript be it stated
Charley and Clara soon were mated.—J. L.



"DON'T, COUSIN CHARLIE!"—DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.



MR. H. IRVING AS MACBETH.—DRAWN BY V. W. BROMLEY.

WITH A SILKEN THREAD.

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE TRUE HISTORY OF JOSHUA DAVIDSON," &c.

CHAPTER I.

GIVING ROPE.

Doubtless the story of King Cophetua reads well. The picture of the Royal lover condescending to the maid of low estate, lifting beggary to a seat on the Imperial throne, and covering rags with the Royal purple, thrills the hearts of all who prize love more than conventional laws, and who hold that social distinctions should be subordinated to human emotion. But the thing works awkwardly in real life. When King Cophetua's choice drops her h's and marries plural nouns to singular verbs her grammatical slips count as so many flaws in the crystal of her purity, and every uncouth phrase chips so much off the texture of her moral worth; a malicious world looks askance, hiding its laughter in its sleeve, and prim old dowagers, whose main occupation in life is to preach down a daughter's heart that her hand may close on money, point to the defective syntax of the lowly born as to the kind of thing which a romantic fancy idealises, and to the peccant prodigal himself as one whose example is a warning to both sexes, showing emphatically the way to be avoided, not followed.

We have no sympathy nowadays for virtue in the rough. Of what good a woman's sincerity, devotion, unselfishness, when she eats with her knife, drinks with her mouth full, says "We was a-going to," and "was you a-laying on the grass?" Sincerity, devotion, and unselfishness are not confined to her or her class, we say, pleading the cause of humanity at large when it suits us; and many a lady might have been found who would have been as noble in her conduct as she, and have understood syntax and manners better. Bad grammar has not the fee simple of all the virtues; and education scores honours by itself.

This was the philosophy which was to be brought home to Bernard Haynes, when his mother, apparently yielding to his passionate prayer, agreed to receive at Midwood, as one of themselves and his prospective wife, pretty Lois Lancaster, the daughter of a Wythburn guide living at the foot of Helvellyn, and necessarily not well up in the accidence of refined living. Bernard had fallen madly in love with Lois this last summer down in the lake country, whither he had gone to read for the Long—or to imagine that he was reading; fallen in love all in honour and youthful zeal of purpose be it understood, designing to be a modern King Cophetua in a minor degree, and to make the peasant-born girl his wife when he had entered actively on the administration of his estate. It was his ideal of life just then; for the mission to which he this year specially believed himself consecrated was the fusion of classes and the establishment of universal fraternity. Mrs. Haynes, clever in her generation, of all women understood to perfection the art of giving rope. She knew the generic impracticability of youth, and the headstrong nature of her son Bernard in particular, given as he was to these temporary theories by which the world was to be regenerated and all the wrongs of society set to rights; but she trusted to early influences, to the sensitive perceptions of education, to the glaring discrepancies of caste, to the contrast which would be presented to his lover by his sisters, and above all to the grace and beauty of Edith Grattan—the only daughter of Lady Julia and Mr. Grattan, of High Heath; and she believed that, with all these silken fibres laid among the strands, her rope would be found effectual, and that by concession she would conquer. Wherefore, after the due amount of reluctance and remonstrance, she took her resolution as one who yielded, invited Lois Lancaster to come and stay at Midwood, and kept her own counsel for the remainder.

"You always were the best mother in the world!" cried Bernard enthusiastically, when she had dropped her guard and lowered her foil. "I should be a brute if I did not love you beyond all things."

"And show your love by your obedience?" she asked with a smile partly weary, partly satirical. To a respectable Philistine as she was, these excursions into the lofty regions of ideal ethics were fatiguing and contemptible; and Bernard's frequent "crazes," now for communism, now for patriarchal simplicity—at one time for benevolent despotism and the return of the Can-ing man, and now again as at this moment for the general uplifting of beggars' daughters by modern King Cophetua—seemed to her almost as melancholy a state of things as if he had been a declared lunatic in Hanwell, pronounced unfit to manage his own concerns at Midwood.

"In all but this one thing—only this one! And when you have seen Lois you will understand and forgive," he pleaded.

"I understand and forgive now," she answered. "That does not however, include sanction, even though I have put my own feelings aside to meet your wishes."

"I am content to wait till you have seen her," he repeated.

She passed her hand caressingly over his smooth, young, earnest face.

"Ah! my boy!" she sighed; "if your poor father had lived you would have been in better hands than mine. He would have been a successful guide where I have failed. I have always been too indulgent, and have trusted too much to love and too little to authority. I see my mistake now when it is too late."

"Don't say that, mother!" cried Bernard, really pained.

"You know how much I love you—how deeply I respect you! Don't cast a doubt on my love and devotion for you."

"No, dear, not so long as you have your own way and are not thwarted. But see, in the first serious conflict between us, who has to yield? Ah, Bernard! words are easier than deeds."

"No, no, mother, only in this one thing. And am I not in this what every man is?"

"Man!" she half whispered, smiling. "My boy Bernard, scarcely twenty-one, a man!"

"And then, you have not seen Lois yet," he said again, ignoring her maternal disclaimer and going back to the central point of his position, the very core and meaning of his love—the girl's beauty—which was indeed supreme.

"Well, my boy, we will say no more now. I have consented to her coming here, at your request; but you can hardly expect me to think that the daughter of a mountain guide is the right kind of person for your future wife—you, our Bernard, to whom we had looked, your sisters and I, as the head of the house who would take his dear father's place and keep the family name where it stood in his lifetime! It is a bitter disappointment and humiliation, as you must see for yourself, and you cannot expect us to do more than tolerate it. The influence too, that it will certainly have on your sisters' marriages!"

"No, not to men worthy of the name of men—men, not barbers' blocks—men, not coxcombs!" interrupted Bernard, full of the righteous thoroughness of iconoclastic youth.

Mrs. Haynes smiled again.

"Men of our position are gentlemen, my dear boy," she said quietly; "and gentlemen have what you would perhaps call the prejudices, but I the obligations the refinements of

their order. Such a man as Sir James Aitken for instance, or young Charley Grattan, would not like his wife's sister-in-law to be a peasant-girl out of Wythburn."

"She is equal to either Maud or Cora!" cried Bernard hastily.

Mrs. Haynes laid her hand on his arm.

"Hush!" she said authoritatively; "your sisters are sacred!"

"So is Lois, mother," he cried in hot defence.

She lifted her head proudly, and looked at him straight between the eyes.

"But your sisters are ladies," she said with emphasis. "Now let the discussion drop. I have given way, as you desired, and the thing is at an end for the present."

Seeing nothing of his mother's secret thoughts, and unconscious of the rope which was being paid out so liberally, Bernard's only feeling at her acquiescence to receive Lois Lancaster as her guest, on an equality with herself and his sisters, was naturally one of the very excess of loving gratitude. His mother, he said, was one in a thousand; she only needed to be tried to prove her surpassing excellence. What a heart she had! That a proud woman, as she confessedly was, should have so far sanctioned such a choice as this which he had made, showed how deep was her real human worth and how innocently shallow her conventionalism when brought face to face with the higher and holier things of life. He declaimed for a good half-hour to his favourite sister, Cora, on the sweetness of his mother and the delightfulness of Lois; on the moral harmony and spiritual worth of the arrangement altogether; and how he expected everything from it—how his sisters, and especially his dear little Cora, would give his Lois that "tone" which she had not, perhaps, in such perfection as might be, and which, when acquired, would put the finishing touch to her loveliness; while they would get good from her simpler nature and unspoilt manners, her directness and absolute innocence.

To all of which Cora assented openly, with secret reservations unexpressed; wondering what Bernard could possibly mean by saying that Maud and she would "get good" by their association with a peasant-girl; but—sighing—supposing it was because he was in love! Being in love made everyone so stupid! There were Maud and Sir James Aitken, they were stupid enough, and she was sure they were in love with each other; though Sir James had not said so yet, and Maud only showed her state of mind to eyes as quick to read the hidden things of a heart as a sister's. And now Bernard was talking nonsense about a guide's daughter from the foot of Helvellyn doing them good—them!—Maud and herself—ladies, with a landed proprietor for their dead father and a living bishop for their uncle!

But she had the pliant hypocrisy which belongs to a peaceful and loving nature, so she said nothing; merely smiled very sweetly and looked as if she agreed; and Bernard kissed her with a curious air of patronage, and thought what a dear little thing she was, and how well Lois and she would get on, and what a lucky fellow he was altogether.

If Bernard was charmed with his mother's acquiescence, the girls were dismayed—Cora quite as much so as Maud, though she hid it better. Maud indeed openly and passionately resented the arrangement. She thought she should never be able to meet Sir James Aitken's grave eyes, which could be so scornful on occasions, when he should be introduced to Lois Lancaster as Bernard's future wife and her own sister-in-law. She was almost as keen as mamma herself in her estimate of social harmonies, and felt that the offer, for which she had waited so long and patiently, would be farther off now than ever—in fact, so far off as never to be made—when once the degradation of the family was published abroad. She wondered at her mother for sanctioning this mad infatuation of Bernard's; but he had always been her favourite, she said to Cora, with angry tears in her dark blue eyes; and they, Cora and she, had been sacrificed to him from the first. It was very wrong of mamma—very. Of course, neither Sir James Aitken nor Edith Grattan—and if not Edith, then not Charley—would come to the house now. How could they, with such a person as Lois Lancaster to meet them?

And when she said this, angry tears came into Cora's softer eyes to match her sister's, as she sighed by way of echo, "I wonder at mamma, too! It is very wrong of her to forget us, as she does, for Bernard!"

When, however, they carried their griefs to their mother, hoping that remonstrance would make her change her mind before she was committed to action, she put them aside—not harshly, but with the iron hand which they knew of old to lie hidden beneath her velvet glove.

"Do not talk nonsense, my dears!" she said calmly: "I know what I am about."

"It is degrading to little Cora and me!" flashed Maud, taking the attitude of her sister's protector—as indeed she was, being the eldest of the family and six years older than Cora, who was only seventeen.

"What I can endure, you can also," returned Mrs. Haynes. "And I do not think I have ever shown myself indifferent to your best interests."

"Not unless Bernard came in between," said Maud, who quaked so soon as she had spoken; for Mrs. Haynes was not meek towards rebellion.

Her mother looked at her sternly. She was a woman with a rather set face of the classic type, with a fixed mouth and a pair of fine dark eyes, which did a great deal of work for her.

"I have never sacrificed you to your brother," she said slowly. "You are unjust, Maud, and ungrateful to say so."

"You are sacrificing us now," sobbed Maud.

"Go!—you are a silly girl; you understand nothing," returned her mother with a fine dash of contempt in her voice and manner. "Leave me to manage my own affairs, and when I want your advice I will ask you for it. Till then oblige me by not giving it."

"It is too bad," fired Maud as her parting shot, subsiding into furtive tears and her modern point; Cora, her eyes swimming too, seating herself close to her disgraced sister, but looking with pleading love at mamma, thus keeping on terms with both, as her manner was. She was called the "peacemaker" in the family, and sometimes "the dove;" and her *raison d'être* was to make herself a kind of elastic cushion, softening the shocks all round by never taking part with any one and always making the best of everything.

Presently the hall bell rang and two young men entered the room. The one was Sir James Aitken, the owner of Aitken Park, and the desired of all the unmarried girls for miles round; the other Charley Grattan, who, when his father should be gathered to his fathers, would be the possessor of High Heath, one of the best properties in the neighbourhood.

It was on these two young men that Mrs. Haynes had fixed her eyes as husbands for her daughters; including, with Charley, his beautiful sister Edith as the wife manifestly designed by fate and fitness for Bernard. Character, position, age, circumstances, everything harmonised in this triple arrangement; and she felt sure that she had only to play her cards skilfully to make the three tricks she had counted on in her hand. This absurd affair of Bernard's had therefore been a subject of much anxiety to her. She had pondered on it night

and day ever since he had broken the ice and confided it to her, as a dutiful son should; looked at it all round and in every light; foreseen all its dangers; mapped out the obstacles; weighed all the chances; and had at last, as we have seen, come to the conclusion that giving rope was the best method of strangling the incubus, and that Bernard must prove for himself how fatal was the mistake he wished to make, no one attempting to counsel or coerce. It was a bold game, taking into consideration all the collateral circumstances at stake—Sir James and Charley Grattan, and the indignation which Edith might naturally be supposed to feel at the idea! having had a girl of Lois Lancaster's degree as her antecedent rival. But Mrs. Haynes was clever, as has been said. She knew that large games include great hazards, and that when one is in deadly peril the way of escape cannot possibly be easy. Hence she decided on her course, and now had only to watch, and guide as well as she could if things threatened to go wrong and needed a skilful touch to put them right.

They were two handsome young men who came in now to make one of their frequent calls on the Midwood ladies. Sir James was the older, graver, darker of the two. He had had a long minority and a not too happy boyhood, for his father and mother had died while he was still an infant, and he had not been over-well treated by his guardians. They had cared for his money and what they could make out of him, not for his best advantage and what they could do for him. Hence, he had developed a certain sadness, which was natural, and, what seemed to have robbed his youth of half its charm because of all its spontaneity.

He was in love with Maud Haynes, yet he doubted her. He was diffident of himself; but he had a title and an estate, and he was steeped to the lips in distrust of women. It was then only too easy to him to be wary and cautious, timid and unconvinced, feeling as he did that no girl could love him for himself while his advantages hung like millstones round his neck. Thus it was that, although he loved Maud Haynes, he had not yet declared himself, uncertain as he was if it was himself or his name and possessions which would be the bait to which she would rise—if she rose at all. For Maud was both proud and shy, and concealed her feelings with the skill of a veteran; so that she gave him no kind of intimation as to what she thought or what she desired. And her physique aided her in her reticence. She had great eyes habitually cast down and veiled by long lashes, and that pale, cream-coloured skin which emotion only renders paler. Hence, she never blushed; and Sir James was undirected by stock finger-posts. So the affair between them had dragged on for some months now, the one yearning the other hesitating, but the final plunge not made and never seeming nearer.

Meanwhile Mrs. Haynes looked on, and considered within herself—should she bring matters to an issue suddenly or leave them to the gradual development of time?—which however was very slow and wearisome. She saw that Sir James was blind; and Maud perforce was dumb; but as there was no rival, near or far off, she decided on leaving the young people to themselves; and now she thought it best that nothing had yet been said, with this ridiculous affair of Bernard's in the wind. Sensitive and suspicious as he was, Sir James might have been estranged for ever had he thought that his name and fortune had been taken to bolster up the name and fortunes of a partially disgraced family. No, it was best that nothing had been said—that nothing should be said—until this craze of Bernard's had got itself settled.

As for Charles Grattan, that could wait almost indefinitely. He was but two-and-twenty, Cora only seventeen; and they were destined. No one who saw them together could fail to see the sequel. The fair, laughing, light-hearted youth was the exact match for the fair, genial, affectionate girl. They were not engaged any more than Maud and Sir James were engaged; for Charley had promised his mother to wait until Cora had had a season in London. She was so pretty that Lady Julia, a woman also wise in her generation, wanted to test the quality of her mind and heart, and to see for herself whether the girl counted constancy among her virtues. But they were safe, thought Mrs. Haynes. If only Maud and Bernard were as safe she would sing her maternal *Nunc Dimittis* with a light heart on the chord of matrimony!

Presently Bernard came into the room. He was in radiant spirits, and looked more than ever the young poet, blessed and ecstatic, which was always more or less his expression. His long, brown wavy hair was flung back from his smooth face and pure white forehead; his large, grey limpid eyes were dark and tender with joy and love; he seemed as if he had seen an angel by the way—as if, like the Lady who tended the garden, his "dreams were less slumber than Paradise," and the things of his soul were more the realities than the things of his daily life. Mrs. Haynes looked at him with an expression made up of pride and sorrow. If he could be got safely over these next few years, she thought—appraising poor Bernard's idealisms as if they were measles or smallpox—he might wear right in time; but these next few years were the tests. And that dreadful girl in the background! If it had been Edith now—calm, sensible Edith—how glad the mother's heart would have been!

"What a time it is since we have seen you!" said Charley, on whom a three-days' absence, if it had not in any way saddened him while it lasted, seemed interminable now when he thought of it.

"Yes; what have you been doing?" was the sympathetic answer of handsome Mrs. Haynes.

"I don't know exactly. Edith was bitten with a mania for fishing, and I have been up the river with her every day."

"Oh!" said Cora in a tone of disappointment. She liked fishing, and wondered why they had not asked her to join them, seeing that Edith and she were such friends.

"Why did you not come too, Miss Cora?" asked Charley.

She looked at him with a certain reproach in her sweet face, but quite frankly and innocently.

"Because you did not ask me," she answered. "How could I go when I knew nothing about it?"

Whereat Charley laughed and she laughed too. She always laughed when he did, being one of those natures which simply echo and reflect the moods of others, and are nothing of themselves; hence are bright or dull, according to their company. With Charley Grattan she was bright, but Sir James Aitken made her dull; while Bernard thought her as idealistic and unpractical as himself.

"It is long, too, since I have seen you," said Sir James, seating himself by Mrs. Haynes.

"Yes; so it is. And what have you been doing? Fishing, like young Mr. Grattan?" she answered.

"No; I do not know what I have been doing," he said.

"Dreaming a little and growling a good deal."

As he said this he looked across the room to Maud.

"Ah! that is a bad habit," said Mrs. Haynes in her maternal, tranquil way. "Nothing deserves the expenditure of strength needed for growling. 'Break or bear'—that is my motto; and I find it a good guide."

"Sometimes one growls at what one can neither break nor bear," he returned. "There may be such a state as uncertainty."

(Continued on page 18.)

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(Bart., Surgeon to H.M. the Queen),
HENRY HOLLAND,
(Bart., F.R.S., Physician to H.M. the Queen),
J. RANALD MARTIN,
(Bart., C.B., M.D., F.R.S.), &c."

DR. C. HANDFIELD JONES, F.R.C.P.
(and F.R.S., Physician to St. Mary's Hospital, under date
March 10, 1860, in a testimonial, states:—

"I am satisfied that he is an honest, earnest labourer in the field of science, and I think that he deserves to meet with every encouragement from the profession and from scientific men."

ACADEMIE DE MEDECINE, PARIS.
Extract of an official Report at a meeting, April 1, 1851:—

"The original Chains of Mr. Pulvermacher are really a most wonderful apparatus. They are more portable and cheaper—two indispensable conditions in an apparatus of this description, in order to make the application of electricity more general, and to a certain degree popular, which is certainly very desirable in the interest of patients, as well as that of the profession. The Committee beg to propose to the Académie to address their thanks to Mr. Pulvermacher for his most interesting communication Adopted."—*Bulletin de l'Académie*, t. xvi., p. 13.

THE LANCET (No. 1, Vol. II., 1856):—
"This ingenious apparatus of Mr. Pulvermacher has now stood the test for some years. . . . It may be used by the medical attendant or by the patient himself. . . . and the operator can now diffuse the galvanic influence over an extensive surface or concentrate it on a single point. In these days of medico-galvanic quackery it is a relief to observe the very plain and straightforward manner in which Mr. Pulvermacher's apparatus is recommended to the profession."

THE mass of evidence of the efficacy of these appliances is supplemented by the following paragraphs recently found in the standard work (p. 75, 1857) of Dr. John King, Professor of Obstetrics, A.C., in Cincinnati, U.S., in his standard work, page 75, which states:—

"The Chains are very useful in many nervous disorders:—
Muscular Debility,
Hemiplegia,
Paraplegia,
Central Paralysis,
Spinal Paralysis,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica,
Stiff Joints,
Hysteria,
Hysteric Paralysis,
Aphonia,
Epilepsy,
Tepid Liver,
Asthma,
Amenorrhoea,
Dysmenorrhoea,
Spinal Irritation,
Nervous Irritation,
Constipation,
Inefficiency (Nervous),
Rheumatism,
Dyspepsia,
Paralysis (Bladder),
Chorea,
Impotency,
Wit's Cramp,
Hysteric Cramps and
Contactions,
Loss of Smell,
Loss of Taste, &c.

"Ipswich, July 29, 1875.

"DEAR SIR,—I have lately received excellent testimonials to the great and inestimable value of your Galvanic Bands and appliances, from which I select the following, with the hope that they may give hope to other sufferers. Yours sincerely, ROBERT SEAGER."

J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq."

GALVANISM.—GREAT NERVOUS DEBILITY and RHEUMATISM.

From the Rev. W. C. Murray, Wesleyan Missionary, Jamaica.

"Dear Sir,—I am thankful to say that, four months after using the Galvanic Bands you sent me, I ceased to suffer from a distressing giddiness which had made it impossible for me to remain on my feet for days together. Frequently it came on me when I was in the open air, and I could not understand how trying such attacks were under these circumstances. I am now entirely relieved. I also have regained a natural and healthy circulation of the blood, and never more experience those strange sensations which excited my worst apprehensions again and again before I commenced to wear the Bands. The digestion is much better, and it is rarely that I suffer even a twitch of rheumatism now, even in the dampest weather. I am certainly much benefited by the use of the Bands, and am thankful to the inventor, and also to you, for your kind wisdom and skill. I have recommended the treatment to several other sufferers, who have been much benefited therefrom. One case in particular I will mention—a lady of the name of Green, of Montego district. She was a great sufferer from severe rheumatism; the muscles of one leg from the knee were much contracted, and occasioned constant and great pain, not only when attempting to move, but also when the limb was quite still. The remedies applied by two medical men had given little or no relief. I persuaded her to try a Galvanic Band, and the result was that she was quite relieved of the pain in six or seven weeks, and now she walks two miles to chapel—a distance she never expected again to accomplish.—I am, dear Sir, sincerely yours, W. C. MURRAY."

"Mr. R. Seager, Ipswich."

GALVANISM v. ACUTE NEURALGIA.

From Mr. Thomas Jones, Buxton Hill.
"Dear Sir—I am so thankful for the Band you sent me that I cannot express it. I have worn it night and day ever since. I find ease the second day of application.—Yours greatly obliged, THOMAS JONES."

"Mr. R. Seager, Ipswich."

For further Testimonials, both Medical and Private, see Pamphlet, "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF IMPAIRED VITAL ENERGY," post-free for three stamps, of

MR. J. L. PULVERMACHER, GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, W.

(OPPOSITE CONDUIT-STREET).

GALVANISM v. RHEUMATISM from SHOULDERS TO ANKLES.

From Mr. Geo. D. Shipley, Town Missionary, Swanage, Dorset.

"Dear Sir.—It gives me much pleasure to inform you that the Band you recommended to Mrs. Falchill, of this place, has proved so efficacious as the two sets mentioned in my former letter. It has afforded me much gratification to mark the gradual but constant improvement in the general tone of her health, and her spirits are now considerably improved. She has been confined to her room and her couch for years from great nervous debility and general weakness of the whole frame, and she also endured much pain. She began to get strength soon after she commenced the use of the Bands, and a short time since she fairly started a company of friends at a tea meeting by appearing in their midst—the very last person they expected to see in such a gathering. I thought I ought to let you know the result thus far, leaving you to make use of my statement for the benefit of other sufferers.—Yours very truly, GEO. D. SHIPLEY."

GALVANISM v. NERVOUS DEBILITY,

From MR. SIMEON SMITHARD'S TESTIMONIAL.

"Dear Sir.—47, Dashwood-street, Derby, November, 1875.
"For some weeks past I have been convinced that it was my duty to send to you the following particulars of an illness through which I have passed, and the successful application of your Galvanic Appliances in that illness. . . . I have now worn the Bands which he (Mr. Seager) recommended five months; and, although I am not yet fully restored, I am so much better as to be able to take up my share of public engagements. The Bands impart to me a sense of warmth and life-giving energy, which I had failed to get by any other means. My general debility is gradually regaining its natural condition; my voice is nearly as strong as formerly, I can walk a considerable distance without fatigue, and I am hoping soon to be able to take a full programme of work. If those who suffer from ailments similar to my own only knew the value of these 'continuous currents' of electricity, as supplied by your wonderful contrivances, and would resort to them instead of delusive alcoholic stimulants, I am fully persuaded many would be restored to health who otherwise will, I fear, go down to premature graves. I feel that I have found a blessing which I might not by reticence to withdraw from others; and if you think this testimony will be of the least use to those who suffer you are at liberty to publish the same.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

GEO. D. SHIPLEY."

"Mr. R. Seager."

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher."

GALVANISM v. NERVOUS DEBILITY.

From MR. SIMEON SMITHARD.

"Dear Sir.—47, Dashwood-street, Derby, November, 1875.
"I am satisfied that he is an honest, earnest labourer in the field of science, and I think that he deserves to meet with every encouragement from the profession and from scientific men."

GALVANISM v. NERVOUS DEBILITY.

From Nov. 22, 1875.

"Dear Sir.—I beg to add my testimony of the success with which I have used your appliances, in the face of difficulties with which I did not acquaint you when I first wrote about them. I believe they have seen the means of saving my life. I use the battery occasionally yet, and may do so to do; but the simplicity of the apparatus renders it very little trouble indeed. You may give my name and address to any person who wishes for proof.

"I remain, yours faithfully,

W. J. FOSTER."

GALVANISM v. NERVOUS and GENERAL DEBILITY.

From Hillmorton, near Rugby, Oct. 22, 1875.

"Dear Sir.—I ought to have written you before in relation to my case, as your appliances have been so beneficial to me. I was brought up as a farm labourer, and then took a situation on the railway, the night work of which completely broke my health. I was advised by my medical attendant to go to the Northampton Hospital, where I am an in and out-door patient for eighteen months, but continued to get worse. I could retain nothing on my stomach, bowels very constipated, with much pain. I had also palpitation of the heart, with dimness of sight, shortness of breath, and was in such a terribly weak state that I hardly had strength to stand. I was advised to try your appliance, and ordered a set of Combined Bands and a Battery. Although without hope, I persevered in the treatment. This was in October, 1861. In November, 1860, I went to work, and have not lost a day since. I am now as well as ever, and can eat and drink anything. This testimony can be verified by Dr. S.—of Weedon, and Dr. W.—of Northampton, who are conversant with my case, as well as several gentlemen in this town. I must say I am a new man. With many thanks.

W. G. L."

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher."

"Mr. R. Seager."

GALVANISM v. JAUNDICE.

From The Brether Collieries, near Burton-on-Trent, Sept. 8, 1875.

"Dear Sir.—I am pleased at being able to report the great benefit I have received from the Band you recently supplied me with, having applied it when attacked with Jaundice. Last year I had a similar attack, and I lasted twelve weeks, being, as my doctor said, as yellow as a guinea. This time, by applying your Band, I managed to recover in a day, without taking any medicine, the yellow colour disappearing in that time.

"The best thing I can do is to advertise its effects amongst my friends, and believe you have already received orders from some of them at Ashby-de-la-Zouch.—With thanks, dear Sir,

G. K. PILKINGTON."

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher."

"Mr. R. Seager."

GALVANISM v. NERVOUS DEBILITY.

From W. NICHOLS.

"Dear Sir.—It is with great pleasure I address you these few lines in grateful acknowledgment of the benefit I have received from your Galvanic Chain-Bands. I am almost restored to perfect health and strength and I doubt not but that in the course of a week or two I shall be able to do without them. I shall not fail to make known their curative power to all who I know are suffering from Nervous Debility and many other diseases which are mentioned in my book, of which your appliances are a convenient and speedy cure.

"Your obedient servant,

W. NICHOLS."

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher."

"Mr. R. Seager."

GALVANISM v. GENERAL NERVOUS DEBILITY.

From RAMSGATE, Aug. 30, 1875.

"Dear Sir, I am happy to say that my back is much better; I continue to wear the Bands; I am quite sure that I have derived much benefit from your appliances, as my general health has much improved of late. I hope soon to write and tell you I am quite cured. I am in my sixtieth year, and cannot expect to be cured so quickly as a young man. Thanking you for your attention,

JAMES DOWSON."

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher."

"Mr. R. Seager."

GALVANISM v. RHEUMATIC PAINS IN KNEES AND ANKLES.

From CHEPSTOW, NEWPORT, Aug. 25, 1875.

"Dear Sir.—I am much better than I have been for the last five years. I can now walk four or five miles, and do not feel very little pain in the ankles. I am quite sure had it not been for your Galvanic Chain-Bands I should have been quite a cripple.

"I continue to wear them at night round the ankle and feet. I shall have great pleasure in recommending your Bands to anyone I know suffering with rheumatism.—Yours respectfully,

E. GOULD."

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher."

"Mr. R. Seager."

GALVANISM v. NERVOUS DEBILITY.

From COGGLESFIELD, AUG. 18, 1875.

"Dear Sir.—A gentleman in Cogglesfield purchased for me of Mr. Seager, of Ipswich, a set of combined Bands, which I have worn for nearly two months, and feel great benefit from.—Yours truly,

E. J. PEES."

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher."

"Mr. R. Seager."

GALVANISM v. NEURALGIA.

From LINCOLN, AUG. 11, 1875.

"Dear Sir.—I had an Electric Chain-Band from you about nine months ago, which quite cured me. I had it for neuralgia. I have very great faith in your Bands.

E. BOULTON."

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher."

"Mr. R. Seager."

GALVANISM v. SPINAL WEAKNESS.

From YEOVIL, JULY 8, 1875.

"Dear Sir.—In reply to your inquiry, I may say your Bands have relieved the pains in my back.—Yours truly,

J. VICHENY."

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher."

"Mr. R. Seager."

GALVANISM v. TOOTHACHE.

From EYE, SUFFOLK, JULY 7, 1875.

"Dear Sir.—I had toothache off and on for weeks together. I applied one of your Bands to my face all night.

I have never felt the least pain since.—Yours truly,



"She read her letters, still standing by the window; and then her hands dropped by her side, and her soul went back to the past and the beloved."
"WITH A SILKEN THREAD," BY MRS. LYNN LINTON.

LOIS LANCASTER.—DRAWN BY F. S. WALKER.

WITH A SILKEN THREAD.

(Continued from page 14).

"That can easily be ended," said Mrs. Haynes. "I dislike uncertainty too much to suffer it for long, and would soon know my fate if I had any doubt of it."

"True; but it is difficult," he answered.

"Life is a succession of difficulties," was her reply with a glance at Bernard; "but they have to be conquered at all costs."

"Ah! you are so brave, Mrs. Haynes! You have such clear views and are so firm!" he said with a certain dash of envy running through his admiration.

"It is just because I have clear views that I am firm," she answered with a smile. "It is a necessity of my nature to see my way plain before me, and to walk straight to my point."

Perhaps however this was a euphemism. All persons would not have called the life-walk of the handsome widow straight; and especially would not Bernard, her dear boy and hope, could he have read between the lines at this moment and seen the real meaning of her gracious bearing.

"Is this the same?" asked Sir James abruptly, getting up and going over to the ottoman where Maud was sitting, putting dainty stitches at intervals into a breadth of modern point.

"Yes," said Maud quietly, her manner still, composed, indifferent, betraying nothing of her heart or feeling.

"You don't tire of it?" he asked with a slight accent of surprise.

"Oh no!" she said; "I like it."

"How wonderful to like the same thing for so long! Why, how long have you been about this? I know it by this," he said, pointing to a wrong stitch made at some distance, and which he himself had put in one day as a kind of test whether she cared more for him than for the symmetry of her work, and so would either let it remain or take it out.

"I began it in the spring," she answered.

"And not tired yet?" he repeated.

"Certainly not. I am not so silly as to want a new interest every day," was her reply, made quietly as to manner, but in secret feeling with both excitement and meaning.

He looked at her keenly, but he saw nothing in her calm face and well-bred impassivity of manner. If she was angling for him, he thought, she was angling in the daintiest way in which woman ever held the line for a human life: so daintily that she almost deserved her reward. And yet, if it was not angling but truth? As he thought this his sad face almost beamed, and his grave eyes lightened suddenly—if she did really love him for himself?

"I am glad you are constant and not easily tired of an interest," he said in a low voice; and Maud, not to show how suddenly she trembled, laid her work in her lap and answered, as of course, "I thought everyone knew I was not fickle."

"Such a nuisance, this folly of Bernard's," thought Mrs. Haynes, watching them covertly. "Just as things are getting on so well! So inconsiderate of him! so wrong! My poor girls to be perhaps sacrificed to the crazy whim of a wilful, foolish boy!"

Which unspoken reflection was a curious commentary on Maud's fiery accusation that she and Cora had been always sacrificed to Bernard, and that mamma cared nothing for them in comparison with him. It was only another of the many instances abounding which prove that the truth is the one undiscoverable element of human life, and that what things are and what they seem to be can never be made to agree.

CHAPTER II.

HER ORDEAL.

Meanwhile the cause of all this domestic difficulty at Midwood, distracted between love and fear, excitement and apprehension, pleased vanity and humiliating self-distrust, was preparing for her ordeal. A visit to the lady-mother of the fine gentleman who had offered to make her his wife, and raise her to a place almost as far beyond her own in the modern estimate of things as was that mythical King Cophetua's beyond his beggar-girl's, was a trial which naturally appalled the daughter of the Wythburn guide.

Not that Lois Lancaster was a peasant-girl of the conventional type. Her father, who knew what he was about, had determined that she should be "made a lady of;" and a lady accordingly she was—that is, she had never milked a cow in her life, could not churn, nor make cheese, nor cut out a shirt, nor knit, nor cook like a Christian; but she could tat and crochet and embroider with creditable dexterity, if her plain-work was no more commendable than her baking. She was a country girl of the modern school—rather delicate in health, with a tendency to hysterics and no digestion to speak of; who could play a little on the piano and sing prettily in the choir; who dressed by the fashion-papers; took in her weekly instalment of penny literature; wore an elaborate chignon and a great many beads (chiefly of wood and glass), and would as soon have thought of swearing as of talking "broad Cumberland." She called the vernacular of the dales-folk "rough talk"—rough pronounced with a slight leaning towards "roof"—and her grammar was really not very much more imperfect than the grammar of most girls, though some of her phrases and epithets were local. She had caught up current slang too, and had been heard to say "awfully jolly" all the same as if she had been the real lady she assumed to be. In a word, she was the half-bred of the summer show-place; neither gentlewoman nor peasant; having lost the racy colour and untrained simplicity of the latter without gaining the grace and refinement of the former. But she was a good girl in both mind and conduct; and if not thorough in polish, was at the least substantial in propriety. And she was beautiful—wonderfully beautiful; slightly impassive perhaps, and too much like a wooden Madonna; but every feature was perfect, and her colour was as lovely as her form.

Her pure, transparent skin, through which the blue veins could be seen so clearly traced, was at all times as delicate as the lining of a sea-shell; but when the colour mounted, as it did under slight emotion, few things in nature could be compared to it for exquisite tenderness of tint. And, as she knew the value of her complexion, she took care of it and did not suffer herself to get freckled, sunburnt, or coarsened. Her hair was as fine as silk and of the colour of dark amber; her eyes were large, light blue, and heavily fringed with dark lashes; and her eyebrows, of that long and lovely arch which is so beautiful but not intellectual, were of the colour of her lashes. She was tall and slight;—altogether, a supremely lovely person, who had she been born in the purple would have attained an almost fabulous reputation, like Helen, Cleopatra, or poor Scottish Mary. As it was, her father who had eyes and a decided faculty for arithmetic, determined that her beauty should be made to pay somehow, as a valuable investment placed to his credit by nature.

This father of hers, old Timothy Lancaster, was one of those clever, anchorless men of whom every village possesses at the least one. "He could do anything he had a mind to," was the phrase usually applied to him by his friends and neighbours; but the worst of it was he had a mind for so little.

He disliked hard work almost as much as he disliked routine; and found loafing about the glens and mountains the pleasantest thing he knew when he was not king of his company at the beershops. He was a self-taught geologist, botanist, and naturalist; but the profession whereby he made his bread was that of mountain guide. He was ambitious, and liked the society of the gentry with whom he was brought in contact during the summer; and as he was "slape" and sharp, he made a very pretty penny in consequence. Part of these pennies he had put into a good substantial stone cottage, which he had built at Wythburn and had had the wit to make pictures; hence valuable as lodgings to the tourists who cared to stay at the foot of Helvellyn, and whom he piloted up and down during the season. But he liked housing the "young gentlemen from college" best; for he had secret hopes of Lois and the soft moments that overtake men in the twilight and among the mountains. In spite of his natural artistry and good-fellowship, he was a shrewd man of business who knew how to make all things pay—a fern or a flower or a bit of lead-ore from a mine; so why not consider his daughter's youth and beauty as possessions to be disposed of advantageously like the rest? To do him justice he kept her strict, and had no squanderings in the market-place; and, to do her justice, his task of overlooking was not heavy, for she was no gad-about nor flirt.

She understood, young as she was, that her name had to be kept as carefully as her complexion; hence was more chary of herself than her neighbours liked. They called her proud and stuck-up; but she let them talk. When she had won then she would have the right to laugh. Meanwhile their ill-nature did her no harm, broke up no schemes; but if anything worked to her good in that it proved her caution. She sometimes regretted a little that bad things were said of her to John Musgrave, the young farmer who lived on the fell over there by Dunmail Raise; but she could not help it. If John thought ill of her, she used to say to herself, because she kept herself to herself, and was not a fly-by-night like the rest of the girls, it was a pity; but she could not help his foolishness, and he must think as he had a mind. If he chose he could find out for himself that she was neither proud nor stuck-up; only, being without a mother and with a house mostly full of young gentlemen in the summer, she was tied to be careful, else she would give folks leave to talk in a worse way than they did now. All of which showed a certain wisdom as well as rectitude in Lois that was not without value in the formation of her character.

This year it seemed as if old Tim Lancaster's wishes were near fulfilment. Bernard Haynes had taken lodgings in his house; had spent a great deal of money in specimens for which he had neither use nor liking; had seen Lois; and, being in one of his idyllic moods, had dreamt of the possibility of transplanting so sweet a cottage-flower into the trim parterres and costly "houses" of Midwood. He was a youth of moods. He had begun his thinking life as an ascetic worshipper of Sir Galahad and the Arthurian legends; then he developed into benevolent despotism, the King the best man, the Can-ing man as he used to say, ruling his subjects with strength and wisdom combined; and from this he had branched off into his present craze—a belief in the universal brotherhood of the future, to be brought about mainly by Lois Lancaster as the mistress of Midwood.

Fascinated by her beauty, he believed her more really refined than she was. Down in that remote district, without the companionship of ladies of his own class, her manners, which truly were excellent for one of her degree, seemed to him better than they were, or than they would have seemed had he been able to compare her, say, with his sisters or Edith Grattan. Even when he caught this little failing, that small lapse, he despised it as affecting the main point of his admiration. To him Lois was like some classic nymph, far superior to the conventionalised ladies of his own time and land. She merely needed a little, very little, polish to make her absolutely perfect; when it would be seen that she was of infinitely better material than were those who should polish her. In short, he was in love, and as foolish as men in love for the most part are; but he played old Timothy Lancaster's game to perfection, and the soft moment in the twilight came.

Being young, he made an offer of his hand as well as of his love; for he was an honourable fellow and intended to do well to every one. He would inaugurate his system of universal brotherhood and equality at Midwood, and the world would take the lesson to heart and repeat it for the advancement of society generally. If only Lois would be his wife, the human race would be benefited to the end of time, and the reign of falsehood and humbug and pretence, and a thousand other bad things, would be shortened and contracted by so much. All this was natural enough to a youth in the idyllic stage, when he has consorted closely for two months with a lovely girl in a lonely place—a girl who dressed neatly, acted discreetly, and spoke with propriety; who had golden hair, sweet tender eyes, and a seraphic face; who was gentle in her ways, low-voiced and sparse of speech, and neither gross nor affected in mind or action. It was natural that he should dream and idealise, and forget all that stood between them when the spell had had time to work and the world, that seemed forgetting, had been forgotten. Cophetua was a King, and the beggar's daughter was his Queen; so why should not Lois Lancaster, the daughter of the local guide, be his, Bernard Haynes's, wife?

The father's delight was boundless when Bernard, carrying out the thing properly all through, told him what he had done and how that Lois had consented to be his wife; but when the news got abroad that Lois was promised to a young gentleman from London—for all high life is from London in the dales—and that she would be most as grand as the Queen herself, John Musgrave was startled as if by a shock out of his dream, and, as Lois herself translated it, was "not best pleased with himself or anyone else."

He went over to Brigend to wish her good-by the day before she was to leave; and he went with a curious mixture of sorrow and anger making havoc in his usually quiet breast.

"So, you are going on a visit, Miss Lancaster, I hear?" he began; for he too was of the new school, and not as frankly familiar to Lois as his father had been to her mother. She was "Miss Lancaster," not "Lois," nor "lass," as the old way would have had it. As he was "Mr. John" to her, not plain "John," as his father had been to her mother.

"Yes, Mr. John," said Lois, raising her lovely eyes; "to Mr. Haynes's mother; that was the young gentleman as we had here all summer."

"So I heard," said John, twirling his hat by the brim between his fingers. "It'll be a fine uplift for you, Miss Lancaster."

"I don't know about an uplift, Mr. John," answered Lois with a certain assumption of haughtiness that had its grave side if also its comical. If she was to be Bernard's wife she must hold herself his equal, she thought. The rôle of the beggar-girl was not to her mind, though she was pleased enough with her King Cophetua. "The finest lady in the land is nothing but a lady," she continued; "and folks can be ladies as hasn't great names."

"Yes, I know that well enough," said John. "And I know that you're a lady yourself, Miss Lancaster. Still the

quality is of different stuff to us dalesmen and statesmen; and by all accounts this Mr. Haynes's people are real quality."

"And father's as good as any of them," said Lois. "Father knows a deal more than most of the young gentlemen themselves know; and that they say when they leave."

"Still," said John, who had the dogged persistency of his kind, "if your father is a clever man in his way, which there's no denying, he's not one of the quality."

Lois was silent. She thought John Musgrave uncommonly disagreeable to-day, and wondered at the sudden change that had come over him. Before this summer she had thought him well enough, and may be a little beyond. He was a fine-looking, clear-skinned, bright-eyed young fellow who bore a good name and was not given to drink, and who, with his freehold of seventy acres, had the girls' eyes on him far and near, and was accounted a prize equal in his own way to Sir James Aitken and young Charley Grattan in theirs. And though, if Lois had been asked, she would have scorned the insinuation as an insult, and would have denied that she had ever thought of him twice or wanted him once, yet she had often looked at him at church when they met in the choir; and if Fellfoot was a dull place in winter it was not so dull as it would have been had any but John Musgrave held it.

"I suppose then," said John, "you'll not be for staying here long, Miss Lancaster, when you come back again? I've heard a tale as points that way."

Lois blushed, that faint fair flush of hers which was so infinitely becoming.

"I don't know about that, Mr. John," she said. "Nothing's settled yet anyhow."

"But it is to be?"

His rasping voice was very sad, his ruddy face a little pale, his smooth brow furrowed, and his full, fleshy lips contracted.

Lois hung her head, and twisted her neck ribbon whence dangled the locket which Bernard had given her. Many feelings perplexed and disturbed her at this moment; pride in her prospective grandeur and present importance; a dislike, she could not understand why, to confess her engagement to John Musgrave how glad soever she might be to tell it to others; fear of the future either way, should it be realised or should it be broken off;—it was a very tumult of contending thoughts and feelings that were fighting for supremacy in her mind, and that made her bashful, sorry, moved, silent.

Then she faltered, shyly, "I suppose so, Mr. John;" and did not look at him.

"I am sorry for it, Miss Lancaster," said John bluntly. "You'd be best with your own people and your own kind. I reckon naught of these weddings out of a body's home and calling, as one might say. Best bide with one's own!"

He spoke with feeling, therefore with a broader accent and less precision than usual; and Lois was quick enough to note the difference.

"That might have been all very well fifty years ago, but it doesn't do now, Mr. John," she answered, taking heart of grace to speak in self-defence. "The world has pushed on a bit since our grandfathers' times, and we must go with it."

"They knew a thing or two afore," said John, with more sense than elegance; "and if we take hold of some new good, we needn't leave loose of all the old."

"Dear me, Mr. John!" cried Lois with a forced smile; "one would think I was going to New Zealand, never to come back no more; and I'm only going into Warwickshire, and shall be home again quite soon."

"Yes, home again; but how?" said John.

Again she blushed.

"That has nothing to do with my going away now," she said. "That was to be, whether or no."

John Musgrave sighed.

"I don't like it," he said after a pause, with a fine assumption of fraternal feeling as if he was thinking only for Lois, and in nowise for himself.

Lois looked at him. Her calm eyes brightened with a certain something; it was not wholly malice and it was not all regret, but it was a curious mixture of the two. Deep down in the innermost recesses was a certain consciousness that she had been tacitly false to John Musgrave. How much soever she would have disclaimed the accusation, she knew in her own heart that when she first came home from her Penrith boarding-school she had thought Mr. Musgrave a young man of very fair attractions, and had more than once pictured Fellfoot as her future home. To be sure she would have preferred some gentleman in the commercial line to a fellside farmer, and a town life to a country one. She would have liked a neat little six or eight roomed suburban villa, with a green door and brass-handled bell, venetian blinds, and a nice little plot of ground in the front, where she might have grown marigolds and mignonette; and she would have enjoyed town housekeeping, where everything is at your hand, and you need not trouble with laying in stores and forethought for every detail. Her one girl would have done the rough work, while she would have put her hand to the finer parts, dusting the "drawing-room," and the like; but John Musgrave was too fine a fellow in himself to be lightly regarded; and, though she was fit for something better than to be a farmer's wife, as she often said to herself when she looked in her glass, still she might go farther and fare worse; and he had a good bit of land and was cleanly living, sober, and handsome.

But when Bernard Haynes came to lodge at Brigend and made himself the Strephon to her Chloe, then John Musgrave faded away like a dissolving view; and to be the wife of a real gentleman who talked so well that she did not fully understand him was a prospect too dazzling to be foregone. For all that, she had this certain uneasy consciousness, and more than once wished that John Musgrave had not come to bid her good-by; though it did gratify her to show him the prize which she had won and to make him feel the worth of that which he had lost. Had he not been so cautious and deliberate, according to his race and kind, the thing might have been settled long ago, and then she would have been caught and caged. What a good thing that he had been so backward! She knew that she would have accepted him had he offered, and what a miss she would have had! But for all this knowledge and self-confession, had she been asked, she would have averred warmly that, of all the gentlemen of her acquaintance, John Musgrave was the last at whom she would have looked, even over her shoulder.

"Well, I must be toddling," said John, rising with a heavy sigh and limp look. "Good-by Miss Lancaster. I suppose you'll be writing home, so that we may have word of you?"

"Yes, of course I shall be writing to father," said Lois.

"And take care of yourself," he added earnestly.

"Thank you, Mr. John. I hope so," she answered.

"And let us hear how you get on," he repeated.

"Yes, Mr. John," she said.

"Good-by, Miss Lancaster."

"Good-by, Mr. John."

"I'm main sorry, Miss Lancaster. Eh! but I is," said the poor fellow with tears in his eyes. "I don't like it anyhow. It isn't the thing for you, and I'm afraid you'll find that out when it's too late to change."

"It ain't too late now," said Lois, stirred more than she cared to acknowledge to herself.

He lifted his eyes with a sudden flash. She lowered hers and was sorry she had been so indiscreet.

"Do you mean to say?" he began, drawing near to her and taking her hand in his.

How rough and brown and toil-hardened his was! How white and fine Bernard's had been! She drew her own away.

"I meant nothing," she said coldly. "Good-by, Mr. John. Please excuse me, I am throng just now."

"He has no one to blame but himself," was her unspoken thought, as she went up stairs into her own room and turned over the dresses that had just come in from Keswick, in preparation for her intended visit to Midwood—with Mr. Bernard's mother and sisters, those formidable critics and judges in the background, waiting for her arrival before delivering their verdict; and, turning them over, she said half aloud, "I am sure they are as nice as nice; no one need be finer."

Mrs. Haynes was not one to make war with rose-water. By no means naturally cruel she was yet one of those resolute women to whom cruelty comes easy when it has to fulfil the purpose they have in view. Accepting her son's infatuation as a disease, she had no more scruple in using sharp measures for his cure than has the surgeon scruples in applying the knife when only the knife can herald healing. Her object was to show Lois to Bernard in a humiliating light, and thus convince him by demonstration of the unfitness he would not receive as a doctrine preached by another. Wherefore, to the bewilderment of Maud and Cora, and to Bernard's dissatisfaction for the one part and gratitude for the other, she asked a few friends to dinner on the very evening of the girl's arrival. She had no wish to let her get somewhat accustomed to her new surroundings before she was introduced to Bernard's world. She should be shown with the full flush of her native awkwardness upon her; with the fatigue of travel and the excitement of the first meeting to add to her discomfort and make her still more nervous and ungainly. This too was part of the rope she was paying out with such consummate skill, and in the coils of which both Bernard and Lois were to be caught and their untimely love affair strangled out of existence.

An hour before dinner—that is, at seven o'clock—the carriage sent by Mrs. Haynes to the station drove up to the door of Midwood, bringing Lois, escorted by Bernard, to her ordeal.

"Mother, Miss Lancaster," said the boy, his face flushed and radiant as he brought into the stately drawing-room where his mother and sisters sat, the fair-haired, weary Lois Lancaster, looking more impassive than ever because she was scared, and scarcely knowing, as she told her father afterwards, her right hand from her left.

Mrs. Haynes rose with her most courtly manner and made a few steps forward. Perfectly well bred and graceful, she put on her grandest air, and received the fluttered country girl with the magnificent politeness with which she would have received a Duchess. No fault could possibly be found with her method of reception. How better could she show her respect for her son's choice than by treating Lois, peasant as she was, as though she had been an Earl's daughter? Nevertheless, it was inhuman if magnificent; and Bernard felt that he would gladly have exchanged the politeness for one dash of maternal warmth, of womanly consideration.

"I hope you are not tired, Miss Lancaster?" said Mrs. Haynes with exquisite courtesy, but frigid as an icicle. "It is a fatiguing journey from Windermere to our place."

"Thank you, Mrs. Haynes; I am not overdone," said Lois, whose unmistakable accent, so slight at Wythburn, was frighteningly distinct now. But she spoke with self-possession, if stiffly.

"My daughters—Miss Haynes; my youngest daughter;" said Mrs. Haynes regally.

The girls came forward and shook hands with Bernard's choice. They scanned her critically after the manner of girls with each other, and a glance of intelligence passed from Maud to Cora and back again. They saw before them a creature whose every feature was simply perfect; a creature with the materials of beauty fit to set the world afire; yet one who somehow missed the soul of all beauty—power to charm. She was bad style; and they denied the material seeing the imperfection of the result.

That bad style, moreover, was a thing so subtle that it could scarcely be explained. The girl was dressed, it would seem by the description, unexceptionably; and yet the sum total was failure. Her grey merino was made with the profusion of flounces and trimmings dear to second-rate fashion, and trimmed largely with mock lace of a common kind and pattern. Round her neck she wore a blue tie, Bernard's locket slung on to a long streamer of blue ribbon of a lighter shade than her tie, and a row of white satin-stone beads with a cross depending. Her golden hair was dressed in multitudinous puffs and braids—a wonderful structure, through which were visible unsightly tracts of greenish-coloured frizzettes, rather destructive of the effect sought to be produced; her hat was an audacious, but very picturesque Rubens, with a long white feather, a red rose, a mother-of-pearl buckle, and a skeletonized kind of aigrette as the artistic ornaments among the black lace and velvet with which it was trimmed; and her gloves were dark green, single buttoned.

Maud, in her simple dress of cream-coloured "workhouse sheeting" over her brown silk skirt, and Cora, in her sailor serge, looked what they were—ladies whose ladyhood no dress could have diminished or advanced; while Lois, lovely as a dream, lovely as Raffaele's fairest Madonna, stood confessed a pretence—a homely Dorking spangled to represent a silver pheasant, fondly thinking herself disguised to the life and indistinguishable from her hosts.

"I hope you are not tired, Miss Lancaster," repeated Maud, as a younger echo of her mother.

"No, thank you, Miss Haynes," said Lois.

Cora asked kindly: "Are you cold?" and Lois answered quietly, "No, thank you, Miss Haynes. I don't feel the cold, thank you."

"Perhaps you would like to go to your room and dress for dinner. We dine at eight," then said Mrs. Haynes, still with her grand air of stately courtesy. "My daughters' maid shall assist you to unpack. You have not brought a maid with you, I think?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Haynes; but there's no occasion" said Lois. "I can undo my things very well by myself, thank you."

"You had better let Sherwood assist you," said Mrs. Haynes with dignity.

"You are very kind, I'm sure; but there's no occasion, thank you, Mrs. Haynes," answered Lois, as she had answered before.

She shrank from the idea of a grand creature like a lady's maid handling her treasures and spying into vacant spaces; and, with the suspicion of her class, she dreaded lest picking fingers should accompany prying eyes.

Mrs. Haynes bent her head stiffly; and Bernard, who had the lover's quickness of perception, saw that the first hitch had come.

"Take my mother's advice, Miss Lancaster. She knows best," he said hastily.

But Lois answered as before, "No, thank you, Mr. Bernard, there's no occasion. I can do for myself, and I don't require help."

And again the critical eyes looked at each other, and said mutely, "What a Goth!"

Even Bernard was conscious of a certain want. He would have been hard put to it to define it; but he knew that something was amiss. Nevertheless, when Lois left the room he cried enthusiastically, "Is she not lovely, mother?"

Mrs. Haynes answered quietly, "Yes, exceedingly beautiful."

"I was sure you would think so," said Bernard.

"But though she is so beautiful, she shows too much of her upper gums when she smiles, and her hands are underbred," said Mrs. Haynes in just the same voice and manner as that in which she had assented to the proposition of her exceeding beauty.

"No—capable," cried Bernard, loyal to his idyll.

Mrs. Haynes smiled.

"Capable, if you like that word best, my dear," she said. "At all events, the capability which makes the palms thick and the tips of the fingers coarse. Very honourable, I allow, for her station, but not hands generally seen at the table of one of us."

"Innocence and love and modesty are more important things than the useless white hands of ladies," said Bernard, flinging back his hair.

"Just so, my boy. I agree with you entirely," returned his mother. "All the same, I have a prejudice in favour of ladies, as I told you before, I think; and I deny that innocence, love, and modesty are confined to peasants. My dears," to her daughters, "the dressing-bell has rung. Are you not going?"

"You will be kind to poor Lois, mother!" cried Bernard pleadingly.

"I shall treat her as I would treat any other lady," his mother answered, holding her head high. "You desire no other mode, do you, Bernard?"

"No, dear mother. You are awfully good, as it is, I know," he said; "but," boyishly, "be kind to her, poor darling!"

"What a child you are!" said Mrs. Haynes, scorn mingled with her affection, as she swept from the room; leaving her son a vague crowd of shadowy yet all the same uncomfortable thoughts, or his share of the day's transactions.

CHAPTER III.

SMIBOLETH.

Dressed for dinner in her high black silk, also made after the patterns of the third-rate fashion-books and greatly trimmed with blue bows and white mock lace—her lovely face, impassive and unchanging, surmounted by that elaborate structure of amber-coloured hair silken as to texture but hideous as to arrangement—Lois presented that same odd combination of beauty which did not charm and apparent correctness that was in fact bad style, which Mrs. Haynes and the girls had caught as her characteristic from the first. Neither rough nor awkward she yet was totally devoid of grace; moving as if she was tightly braced in stays so stiff that she could not bend from the waist, and with a certain air of constrained discomfort about her that suggested unseasomeness to both her dress and her surroundings. But if constrained she was pale and quiet, and so far Mrs. Haynes respected her. Had she been flushed and fussy she would have been actively unpleasant; as it was, she was simply passive and gave no trouble to repress.

As each guest arrived there was the same look and movement of surprise, which betrayed the sense of her unfitness as clearly as Mrs. Haynes for her own part felt it. This young unknown Madonna, sitting bolt upright on the sofa, dressed like and yet unlike themselves, and neither a lady nor a servant, neither a gentlewoman nor a peasant, with a face that would have been perfect in its fitting frame of simple rusticity or aesthetic refinement, but that now was all out of harmony and drawing, made quite an excitement among the women as well as the men.

"Who is she?" they asked curiously; Mrs. Haynes answering calmly, "A young person from the remote north, whom a strange chance has thrown on my hands for a few days. It is an odd story, but I cannot go into it now."

And when she had said this to everyone alike, in precisely the same tone and with the same accent and expression, the dinner was announced, and Lois Lancaster went down with the rest.

Seated between Bernard and Sir James Aitken, Bernard having on his other hand Edith Grattan, the country-bred girl was dimly conscious of perils and perplexities before her; and the guests, who noted her, were as conscious that she was a misfit among them, and did not know how to pronounce her shibboleth as it should be said. For one thing, she did not know the use of the fish-knife, but, to be quite fine and correct, chased her piece of cod about the plate with a fork and a bit of bread, and hunted up the slippery morsels with amazing perseverance. For another, she cut her quenelle as if it had been beefsteak, and when offered wine asked for beer; she ate her jelly with a spoon and fork, and the ice-pudding was evidently experimental; but when the cheese came round she took two bits with the look of an old friend long parted and now happily met again, and carried it on the point of her knife without fear or faltering. At the dessert too she had no fears, but accepted her apple as she had accepted her cheese, like an old friend; and when she attacked it she bit it bodily with hearty good will, and made light of the peel. All these were trifles, if one will, but they were sufficient to show that a wide social gulf separated this beautiful young creature from her company, and that the chance which had thrown her as a guest and an equal into the hands of the proudest and most fastidious woman in the district must indeed have been an odd one, as she said.

The same kind of thing was manifest in her conversation. She did not speak like a peasant, but certainly not like a lady, rather as a shop girl or an upper maid would have spoken.

"Have you ever been in Warwickshire before, Miss Lancaster?" asked Sir James Aitken during soup—poor Lois, and that unaccommodating vermicelli!—by way of opening the ball.

Lois raised her starry eyes.

"No," she said with a certain hesitancy; then added, "You have the advantage of me, Sir. I don't know your name."

"Aitken," said Sir James smiling. "Sir James Aitken."

"Oh!" said Lois relieved. "No, I have not been here before, Sir James Aitken," she then answered, content now that she could catalogue her companion.

"It is too soon yet to ask how you like it?" he continued.

"I thought the scenery very romantic as I rode along," said Lois; "but I was not over much taken up with it. I like the mountains better. Do you live here, Sir James Aitken?"

"Yes; not far from here, at Aitken Park," he answered. "You must come over and see my place. I have some curious old Roman remains that will interest you."

"Thank you, Sir James Aitken, I'm sure. I shall be most agreeable," said Lois simply. "When shall I come?"

"I will arrange the party to-night," he answered kindly.

He was a man, hence more tender to the social shortcomings of a girl so lovely as Lois Lancaster than any woman would

have been, and her odd mixture of propriety and unconventional, stiffness and simplicity, amused him.

At this moment the salmi came round. Lois refused.

"No salmi?" asked Sir James, just as a silence had settled on the table.

"No, thank you, Sir James Aitken," answered Lois. "I've had as much as I've a mind for, and done very well, thank you."

At which Edith Grattan raised her bright, mischievous eyes, and looked demurely into Bernard's face.

"There is nothing so charming as idiomatic English!" cried Bernard boldly. "It is such a pity that we have refined it away into the tame and colourless language of conventional use. Had I my own way we would go back to the language of Shakespeare and Chaucer."

The step was wide, but Bernard's blood was up.

"Do you mean to say you would like us all to speak like the common people?" asked Edith, surprise dashed with indignation. Really Bernard Haynes, though very handsome and fascinating, and the owner of Midwood into the bargain, was almost too odd!

"A few racy idioms and pictorial expressions would be an advantage to us—they would lift up our daily tongue and give it life and force," argued Bernard. "What you call the speech of the common people is only old English, pure and undefiled—the English, as I said, of Chaucer. If we went back to our forefathers' time we should speak as—as—the north-country people do for instance."

"But I do not want to go back to our forefathers' time, if the result would be that I should speak like a common person. It would be very frightful to hear ladies and gentlemen speaking broad Cumberland, for instance, because that was the accent used in Chaucer's time," said Edith disdainfully—Lois, catching the words "broad Cumberland" and turning her head to look at the young lady treading on her borders, fixing on her those calm, sweet, ravishing eyes, which however did not excuse in Edith's mind such a solecism as that of which she had been guilty.

So the dinner passed; Mrs. Haynes betraying nothing; Maud and Cora disturbed and uncomfortable and showing that they were; Lois uncomfortable too, but as quiet in her own way as Mrs. Haynes was in hers; and Bernard wondering what subtle change it was that had come over her, making her less supremely delightful than he had found her at the foot of Helevenlyn.

When they rose to leave the room, Lois modestly stayed behind till she encountered Mrs. Haynes.

"Do you please, Ma'am, to go forward," she said, shrinking back.

Mrs. Haynes took up her air of lofty courtesy.

"I am your hostess," she said with her grand manner and proud smile. "It is your place to go first."

"I would rather you went forward before me, Mrs. Haynes, please," returned Lois, meaning the perfection of politeness; but something in the lady's face seemed to compel as well as enlighten her, when she hurriedly brushed past both mother and son, and nearly tripped over her entangling train; Mrs. Haynes smiling to Bernard with cruel meaning as her eyes led his to the girl's awkwardness of exit.

Sir James, as a man of his word, made up the party which he had proposed to Lois during dinner; and the next day it was agreed that they should all go over to Aitken, to see the Roman remains and picture-gallery for which it was famous, when they would lunch there and come home to five o'clock tea.

In arranging how they should go, there was a question of riding; and Maud, Cora, and Edith all voted for horseback over the dulness of driving in the cold of an October day; when Cora said good-naturedly, "But we can scarcely do that, Maud; Miss Lancaster has no habit."

"Oh!" said Lois; "I don't mind for a habit, Miss Cora. I can ride in any old skirt you have handy. We never bother about habits down at Wythburn."

"You cannot ride without a hat and habit," said Mrs. Haynes a little disdainfully.

"It makes no odds, Mrs. Haynes; indeed it don't;" she repeated earnestly, and in her earnestness forgot her best style. "We don't fash about such things at the place where I came from, and I can do quite well with an old skirt, or even a shawl to lap around me."

"You forget, Miss Lancaster, that you are not at Wythburn now," said Mrs. Haynes with a smile that was certainly neither genial nor reassuring; "you cannot ride in an old skirt, or even a shawl round you"—contemptuously—"and I should have thought that even you would have had enough perception to have understood that!"

"I meant not to give trouble," said Lois meekly.

"Pray allow me to arrange as I think best. You will give me least trouble by the most obedience," was the lady's reply; and Lois felt humbled and humiliated; but why? What had she done? According to her lights, she had done only what was right and kind and considerate; but she had evidently missed her way somehow, and had offended when she meant but to serve. Yet, if she had ridden, she would have shown them how to stick on, she thought, with the pride of one who, as she phrased it, could ride bare-back as well as side-saddle, and who had never been bet by any beast she had yet mounted, nor was afraid of the best that ever laid leg to ground. In the end, despite the opposition of Mrs. Haynes, it was arranged that Bernard should drive Lois in the pony-carriage, while his sisters rode with Charley and Edith Grattan. This was the best plan that could be devised, and suited every one save Mrs. Haynes.

When they were seated in the carriage and safely started, poor Lois drew a long breath as if a heavy weight had been taken off her; and turning to Bernard said, for her almost warmly: "My word! this is nice, Mr. Bernard! It is like home!"

"It is home," said Bernard fondly: "your home, Lois!"

"I like Wythburn best," she said. "I feel strange-like here, yet."

"You will soon get accustomed, dear," he returned. "My mother is very good, and means everything that is kind."

"Does she?" said Lois. "Did I offend her just now, Mr. Bernard? I didn't mean to, I'm sure; but she didn't look best pleased at what I said about the habit. But I meant no offence."

"No, no!" he answered hastily; "she was not offended, Lois; she only wanted to put you right, and make you understand."

"She was rather short, all the same," said Lois quietly; "but father, he is short too at times; and one must see and hear a good bit in this life and never take heed. Don't you think so?"

"I hope you will not have to see or hear much that is unpleasant at Midwood," said Bernard gravely.

Lois





HOME COMFORTS. — DRAWN BY H. B. ROBERTS.

which he had been fascinated, and which now seemed lost, return? Perhaps; he hoped, nay more he believed that it would. It came back in part now, in this lonely drive together, when she was more natural and at ease, he less critical and more ready to be charmed than at the stately inharmonious home. All the same, it seemed to him that she had manifestly deteriorated since he parted from her at Wythburn, and that a nameless but undoubted change had taken place in her manners and appearance. It never occurred to him that the change was in himself, because of those domestic and social influences on which Mrs. Haynes had counted so much.

This little renewal of lover-like good-fellowship soon came to an end, and they reached Aitken Park, where they were met by Sir James and the riders, who had distanced them by taking a short cut across country.

The girls, ashamed of their uncongenial companion, visibly shrank from her in a way that said but little for the thoroughness of their good breeding, if we take good breeding to be more than the correct pronunciation of shibboleth. Edith was openly antagonistic, and Maud seemed to fear infection in anything like close association. Only Cora, good-natured, kind-hearted Cora, the dove and peacemaker of the company, kept with her; and Bernard was grateful, and mentally doubled the sum he would give her on the day of her marriage—whenever that might be. As he was naturally obliged to attend to Edith, who looked to him as her assigned cavalier, while Sir James, playing host, singled out Maud as the representative lady, Charley and Cora had Lois between them; and, though both felt her something of a nuisance, and wished her safe back at the foot of Helvellyn, both, being good-hearted and gentle of soul as well as of birth, treated her with consideration, and made her as welcome as was in the nature of things. Occasionally however they all got into a group together; and once they did so when they were at the Roman remains.

"How long ago is it since these old stones were set here, Mr. Bernard?" asked Lois in a rather high-pitched key. "Over three hundred years, I reckon?"

"Longer than that by two thousand," answered Bernard, who wished that she would not speak.

"And who was it laid them, say you?" she asked again.

"The Romans," answered Sir James.

Lois raised her dark-fringed, starry eyes.

"Were those the same as St. Paul wrote to?" she asked with a certain reverence, almost awe, of manner.

"The same people, but not the same individuals," said Sir James; while Maud flushed for vexation, and pretty Cora, for all her kind heart, looked at Charley and giggled, girl-like.

"You should go through a course of ancient history, Miss Lancaster," said Bernard, more disturbed than he cared to acknowledge. "Did they not teach you history at school?"

"Yes, the Kings of England," she answered; "but not the Romans, except what the Bible says of them."

"What kind of school could it have been? What did they teach you?" asked Edith Grattan, who had taken, she scarcely knew why, the bitterest dislike to this beautiful but not fascinating young person.

"Needwork, and the Bible mornings and evenings, and reading, writing, and ciphering, and such like, Miss Grattan," said Lois with the sublime contentment of ignorance.

"And nothing instructive?"

"Miss Symes—Miss Symes was our mistress—called that instruction," said Lois, lifting her lovely eyes.

Miss Grattan smiled with calm disdain.

"I am afraid that would not pass muster with most lady principals," she said. "Modern education is rather more complete than that, is it not, Mr. Haynes?" to Bernard.

"Literature is not everything; there is a deeper knowledge which is more important, and Miss Lancaster has that," said Bernard loyally. "The mind is sometimes dumb when the soul is most eloquent. The sweetest songs are not those of most scientific precision or freighted with the greatest amount of learning."

"That is like you, Bernard! You are idealising ignorance now. What a queer boy you are!" cried Maud petulantly. "We shall have you next finding the wrong to be better than the right!"

"How soon your people gets put out," said placid Lois to Bernard, when they were alone for a moment afterwards. "My word, but they are tetchy!"

"Lois!" remonstrated Bernard.

"Well now, Mr. Bernard, I'm sure you can't deny it," she continued. "Here's Mrs. Haynes as sour and sad as a Friday's child, and Miss Maud bites your nose off for next thing to nothing. I'm glad you're sweeter tempered," she added with a timid little smile and lovely fleeting blush, as she lifted up her eyes and looked at him with an unmistakable look of admiration. And Bernard, meeting that look, forgave her.

Aitken Park was as famous for its picture gallery as for its Roman remains; and Sir James was naturally proud of a collection of old masters that would have been a not unworthy annex to the National Gallery. He liked nothing better than to be the showman of his treasures; and part of the day's programme was to visit the gallery and hear him expatiating on its merits. Among other things there was a "Marriage of St. Catherine," which Sir James always maintained was better than that in the Louvre; and here the party halted while the host pointed out this fine line and that superb flesh tint, this marvellous bit of composition and that crafty combination of colours. He was an artist in his own way, and had the artistic dialect by heart.

"The Marriage of St. Catherine!" at last broke in Lois with an accent of profound horror. "How could our Lord marry her when he was a baby? The Bible says nothing about it, Mr. Haynes"—to Bernard, indignantly—"it is downright impious!"

"It is one of the Roman Catholic legends, Miss Lancaster," Sir James explained.

"But it isn't true, and it isn't right," said Lois. "It is wicked to say such things of our Lord, and they not in the Bible."

"These old legends and saints' histories have given us some of our noblest pictures," Sir James apologised. "Art would have perished but for them."

"It had better perish than men paint what isn't true, and is blasphemy into the bargain," persisted Lois. "I reckon nothing of a thing that has to live as you say, Sir James Aitken, by such means. Give me the Bible and nothing else."

"Well if it offends you we will go on to another," Sir James said good-naturedly. "I can understand your dislike, if you are not accustomed to such things."

This he said to stay the current of girlish disdain that had set in, and to give Lois "reason" before her superior companions.

"No indeed," she answered a little proudly, as if she was boasting of a distinction; "I am not accustomed to such things, as you say, Sir James Aitken, and I don't hold with Papistry anyhow."

"You will have to enlarge your borders if you go on to the

Continent, I fear!" returned the host smiling. "Every step you take, and every place you visit, will shock you else."

"I don't want to go among the Papists, Sir James," said Lois. "I am a professing Christian, and don't hold with outlandish ways anyhow."

"Bernard!" said Maud in a low voice to her brother. "How could you allow mamma to invite this girl here to disgrace us with her ignorance and common manners in this way? What can Sir James think?"

Bernard threw back his poetic head.

"Do you not see any beauty, Maud, in the loyalty of a simple nature, a childlike creed?" he asked, his heart belying his reason. "There are two ways of looking at every thing; why not take the more beautiful as well as the more charitable?"

"Because I like common sense and reality," said Maud disdainfully, also flinging up her head, but falling back to join the party. Contemptuous of poor Lois as she was, she was not inclined to let Sir James Aitken see too much of those glorious eyes, which men seemed to think superior to learning or deportment.

Perhaps conscious that she had made rather a random shot in the matter of an Old Master, Lois discreetly held her tongue for the remainder of the tour round the gallery; perhaps too she was not incited to testify, as there was nothing of so purely a legendary character in the pictures after this unlucky marriage of St. Catherine; though one or two, where the drapery was of a rather diaphanous quality and of scanty quantity, made the blood come up into her fair face hotly, and lowered her eyes with shame. How ever could they! she thought, wondering at the ease with which the young ladies stood before these undraped representations of humanity: it was downright indecent; and before the gentlemen, too! But her evident bashfulness only had the effect of making everyone else uncomfortable and conscious; where, had she taken her lesson in art without wincing like the rest, they would have been perfectly at ease and with no thought of evil.

"What a horrid girl!" said Maud in sacred conclave with Cora and Edith. "Did you see how she behaved when we were looking at that Venus? She made me feel so uncomfortable, for I am sure Sir James noticed her by the way in which he hurried on; and the same when we came to St. Sebastian and that Cupid."

"She must be very indelicate to think anything," said Edith; but Cora suggested kindly, "Oh, she is so countryfied, you see; she has seen nothing, and I daresay it would shock anyone not accustomed. For after all these undressed creatures are not very pleasant to look at for the first time!"

"Cora, how can you talk such nonsense?" cried Maud. "You will soon be as bad as Bernard."

"Poor Bernard!" cried Edith laughing.

"Oh! he is a dear boy, and as good as possible," answered Maud briskly:—Edith must not laugh at him or believe him to be despised at home. "But he is an awful goose sometimes!" she added pleasantly.

"Is he a goose about this girl—this Miss Lancaster?" asked Edith with false calmness.

"Oh dear, no!" answered Maud. "He knows nothing of her, and cares nothing. It is only that he is too kind-hearted generally, and makes excuses for everyone."

By which it may be seen that learning to say shibboleth as it should be said does not include truth as one of the obligations of the lesson.

The rest of the day passed without any very glaring misdeeds of Lois to excite the anger of Bernard's sisters and to awaken unpleasant emotions in Bernard's own heart. To be sure, she did everything in the way of table gaucheries that she did yesterday, and got into continual entanglements easily discernible by educated eyes—knowing no more than a heathen what to eat or how to eat it. But she stumbled on, for the most part in happy ignorance that she was offending; and as Sir James and Bernard were kind and Cora was gentle and forbearing, her spirits gradually rose, and she bore herself with a certain amount of ease that showed her to advantage in some aspects, if to disadvantage in others. For, if she was less awkward because less constrained, she was more assured consequently less guarded; and now and then let the natural flavour of Wythburn have broader scope—when she forgot that she was a lady and must not talk Cumberland nor make free.

Asked if she could play, she said "Yes," and sat down without hesitation to the magnificent Erard, which even Maud, who was a proficient, touched with a certain reverence. But Lois thinking that her sole duty lay in doing her best, and knowing nothing of how bad that best was, played her piece with the missed notes and slurred passages, the false chords and scamped bass of her kind; shaking her head and saying "Tut!" to herself when she tumbled on to flats and sharps where she had no business to be, and taking the whole thing with the mindless docility of a schoolgirl set to her task. But she looked so sweet and simple while she was murdering her music that Bernard, who was both tortured by and ashamed of her performance, was unable to feel really annoyed because of the naive good-faith and candour with which she made her fiasco; but the girls, with whom neither her simplicity nor her beauty counted in her favour, made wry faces to each other behind their screens, and Maud said quietly to Sir James, "Were you not rather cruel?"

After this they went back to Midwood, and Bernard's theory on the fusion of classes, and the advantage that would accrue to the race were gentlemen to marry peasant-girls, did not seem such a hopeless absurdity when he had lovely Lois with him alone, as it had flashed across him that it was when she was playing flats for sharps and missing whole bars serenely in "The Wedding March" at Aitken.

CHAPTER IV.

OUT OF PLACE.

The sudden change of habits and manners—from simplicity and porridge to luxuriousness and a French cook—from continual exercise about the house, gusty breaths of fresh fell-side air at all hours of the day, and small rooms, cosy and closely heated, to much sitting, little walking, and spacious apartments where she felt chilled and unhomed because she could not "sit into the fire" as she said, but did not feel warm or comfortable at a distance—began to tell on the health and spirits of Lois.

She was at no time robust, being of the kind which drinks tea and does not eat meat; pinches its waist in stiff stays and goes in airy costume on bleak days, if so be that vanity prompts gossamer and repudiates woollen, catarrh and subsequent consumption notwithstanding; hence she had but a small amount of reserve force wherewith to resist unfriendly influences, and with all her placid demeanour she suffered as acutely as those who are more demonstrative and outwardly excited.

The personal strain, too, under which she was living also told on her and made her yet more nervous than before, hence more uncouth; and, by the vicious round of action and reaction, more distressed; so that altogether the visit on which she had counted so much, while at Wythburn, seemed proving

itself one of those Dead Sea apples of life which a mocking fate so often flings into our lap, charming to the imagination and bitter to the sense.

It! at ease and uncomfortable, she had not even the satisfaction of any tangible cause of complaint. Maud was harsh and contemptuous truly, but then Cora was sweet and friendly; and though Bernard was a little perplexed and restrained before folk, on those rare occasions when he got her to himself, alone he was all that he had ever been, and his faithfulness to the ideal he had created for himself was as unshaken as his tenderness. As for Mrs. Haynes, she continued to treat her unwelcome guest as she had treated her from the beginning, with cold and stately courtesy, seeking to make her conscious that she was an alien among them while fulfilling the law of politeness to the letter, only dropping out of the canon human kindness and womanly compassion. In the neatest but the most cruel way possible she dissected and displayed the girl's utter ignorance of all those things into the knowledge of which ladies of condition are supposed to be born as a gift of race. She fathomed her deepest depth in literature and art—then showed her son, and all the world, how contemptibly shallow it was; she made her reveal herself as substantially uncultivated, unrefined, plebeian in her views of life, in her estimate of social obligations, and unable to rise to the height of patrician magnanimity, no matter what the gloss put on her by a gentle nature and the glamour wrought by her surpassing beauty. At every turn she made her betray her unfitness so plainly that Bernard, distracted between love and common sense, respect for his mother and loyalty to Lois, scarcely knew what course to take, more especially as all by which he was wounded was as vague as was all that by which Lois herself was pained; so that he, no more than herself, could put his finger on any one spot and say, "This is the core of my complaining."

Were they never to discuss art, for instance, because Miss Lancaster did not know Raffaele from Rembrandt, and had heard as little of Turner as of Claude? Was all mention of the latest discoveries in astronomy to be tabooed, because, when she was asked, this unpromising young friend of theirs was forced to confess that she had no idea of how the earth went round the sun; thought that comets were balls of fire with their tails of streaming flames; held that the stars and moon and sun were things set in the sky for the good and delectation of man alone; and maintained that the earth was the centre of the universe? Were Shakspeare and Milton to be names without meaning for them, because Lois Lancaster did not know one from the other; confessing to having tried "Paradise Lost" once at boarding-school, and to have ended in weariness and tears? Were they all to forego their inherited breeding because she said "Mrs. Haynes" at the end of every phrase, and ate fluids as if they were solids?

Had Bernard remonstrated with his mother on her subtle cruelty, she would have opened her fine eyes on him with the look for which she was famous, and would have asked, with every appearance of surprise and interest, where she had failed, and how could she act to please him if what she did now displeased him? Was it her fault, she would have said, if he had insisted on bringing into their circle one so entirely unfitted for her position? And did he expect them—his mother and sisters—to lower themselves to Miss Lancaster's very meagre standard of refinement and education? Whatever discomfort existed in the arrangements would have been shown as his own creation; so Bernard, conscious of all this, forbore to remonstrate, having besides that difficulty which his mother intended he should have, in formalising what was amiss, by which he ran curricles with poor Lois, also tormented and effectually gagged.

There had seldom been so gay a time at Midwood as now during the stay of Lois Lancaster. Every day Mrs. Haynes got up something fresh and fair for the young people of the neighbourhood; so that by the outside look of things she was doing the daughter of the Wythburn guide rare honour and paying her supreme attention. But somehow everything caused Lois increased mortification and showed her at a disadvantage; and when others were at the zenith of enjoyment she was at the nadir of distress. Amongst other pleasures, an impromptu ball was given at Midwood, none the less delightful because rather more informal than such things generally are. And to this of course came all the neighbourhood, still greatly wondering, and some greatly scandalised, at the continued presence as an equal at such a place as Midwood of this beautiful nondescript, whom no one knew where to place nor how to catalogue—fair as a flower, gentle as a dove, ignorant as a servant, and with a manner in accord with her ignorance.

Now Lois had learnt dancing "at boarding-school," much in the same way as she had learnt music, and was about as proficient in the one art as the other. Style and execution were no more perfect in her feet than in her hands. If she played flats for sharps, struck wrong chords, slurred her sharps, and left out all the difficult bars without an idea of grammar or construction in music, in dancing she swam when she should have walked, and hopped when she should have waltzed; but, in return, she did her steps on every possible occasion with conscientious fidelity, and she held her gown at each side, with her elbows turned out, as in the old days of Dutch skirts and sandalled shoes. She went through the whole performance with painstaking exactness, her sweet face at first serenely unconscious of any cause of ridicule in her proceedings—but as time went on, and she caught the amused glances of unfriendly critics and heard the half-whispered remarks with which the well bred were not ashamed to overwhelm her, getting gradually perplexed, and from perplexity passing to pain, as security became doubt, and doubt developed into certainty that something was amiss, and that she was not quite as others were.

Among the rest she danced with Sir James Aitken; but only once. Amused as he was at this new specimen of humanity, he had no desire to make himself sport for the Philistines and afford cause of ungodly ridicule to a room full of scorners; and pretty Lois Lancaster, ducking and pirouetting, hopping, curtseying, and doing her steps with zeal, was a sight so unusual to people who had been educated in the art by the first professors, that it was scarcely to be wondered at if a proud man, and a sensitive, had not magnanimity enough to brave the smiles of his comrades for the sake of giving a false sense of security to an underbred unknown. But his dancing with her at all was an offence to Maud, which went far to destroy all her pleasure in the evening—Maud, proud, reserved, well bred, and with fair average reason, but with not force enough to resist that meanest passion of the whole category, jealousy without cause of an inferior without attraction.

It did not make matters better for Lois, bad as they already were, that one of her young hostesses either studiously avoided her, or treated her when forced into momentary contact with a disdain so marked that everyone in the room could see it. She was uncomfortable enough already without this to add to her misery; and her efforts to put these crooked things straight were certainly not crowned with success. At last, in despair, she plunged into the depths with Sir James.

"Patience, me!" she said, lifting her lovely face full of trouble to his; "what can have put Miss Maud so sadly about, Sir James Aitken? She looks as sour as verjuice at me; and what have I done, I wonder?"

Sir James raised his eyes and looked over to Maud, who, with a flushed face and discomposed air, was talking to young Charley Grattan by no means as if she enjoyed the circumstances of the moment, but rather as if she would have given worlds either to break into wrath or burst into tears. A smile broke through the gravity of his face. It became almost radiant; and for a moment he had that look of effulgent delight which only the habitually melancholy show, when by chance a ray of happiness pierces the sober-hued integuments of their thoughts, and they are joyous in proportion to their general gloom. Did she really love him? was this in truth jealousy? Love includes jealousy, thought Sir James, who also was on the wrong track this way. If he could convince himself through Lois that he was truly loved by Maud, how he would bless that odd young person, and think kindly even of her dancing!

"I do not think that Miss Haynes is annoyed with you for any reason," was his reply, made quickly.

"Oh, yes she is, Sir James Aitken," answered Lois with seriousness. "If you don't see it, I do, and I shall just ask Mr. Bernard what's to do with her when I see him."

"Let me advise you, Miss Lancaster, to say nothing," said Sir James. "There is a great deal of wisdom in silence."

"But I don't like it, Sir James Aitken," said pretty Lois. "If anything's amiss I like folks to say it out, and not do as Miss Maud does, look black, a body doesn't know why. Oh! here is Mr. Bernard!"

"Come to take you down for an ice," was Bernard's hurried interruption; he, for his part, not caring to see the girl appropriated any longer by the Baronet on whom his mother had fixed her eyes for Maud. As the master of the house his duties were naturally manifold and called him perpetually off guard, else, when he could, he had engaged Lois in talk on some pretext as now, or, dancing with her himself, had bravely borne as his burden the half of her artistic absurdities. But this could not be very often, and these moments of reprieve were, as she said, few and far between.

She was overjoyed then, when he came to her now to carry her off into the refreshment-room; and the instant she took his arm—she called it "linking"—plunged into the history of her wrongs against Miss Maud and those sour looks of hers which hurt her so much in her mind; saying, what was quite true, that she hadn't a notion what it was all about, and that she would sooner eat her fingers than offend one of the family. To which Bernard, heroically conquering the little spasm that crossed him at her homely metaphor, answered kindly: "I am sure you would, my dear girl. You have the sweetest nature in the world. Who would have the heart to offend you or be angry with you?"

"Then you think it may be only a maggot of my own?" asked Lois with a sweet smile. "If you do, Mr. Bernard, I'll not say anything to Miss Maud, for I'd not like to add fuel to fire, you know, and I'd bear a deal for your sake."

"I am sure you would," he answered. "But I hope, my dear, you will have nothing very bad to bear; and as for Maud, you are I trust mistaken, and she means nothing personal to you. Perhaps she has a headache. Girls often have headaches," he added pleasantly.

"Yes; I am often but poorly myself," said Lois, accepting his explanation simply; for indeed she was an amiable, single-hearted creature, beautiful in her nature so far as education and training would allow, and if not pushed beyond her powers always sure to respond true to a moral harmony. "So I'll say nothing about it, Mr. Bernard, but think that maybe it is a headache, as you say."

"You are always just and sweet-tempered, Lois," cried Bernard enthusiastically; to which the guide's daughter answered with a blush and a smile, "Hoot, Mr. Bernard! you flatter me."

And with this their time of retreat was over, and Bernard had to take her back to the dancing-room and leave her to herself, while he kept his engagement with Edith Grattan for the waltz that had just begun.

Mrs. Haynes, cruel only to be kind as she argued in her own mind, took care that Lois should have plenty of opportunities for her damaging display of steps and hops. To be sure as the evening wore on it became an increasing difficulty to find partners for this lovely bungler. Her face was all very well, thought the young men; but style goes further in a ballroom than beauty, and proficiency in the art of keeping time and step is a *sine qua non* for all the round dances as well as the square ones. Therefore, one by one towards the end of the evening they were all engaged when Mrs. Haynes asked them to take out Miss Lancaster; and at last, as if in honest despair at finding her good intentions of no avail, she said in a moderately loud voice to Bernard;

"My dear boy, what on earth shall I do? None of the men will dance with Miss Lancaster, and you can easily understand why. It is excessively unpleasant for me, yet what can I do?"

Bernard saw it all, and was on thorns. As his mother said, what could she—or indeed anyone—do? This was no place for Lois. His mountain daisy, so beautiful in her own simple home, was ill set when transplanted to the artificial grace and conventional circumstances of a life like this at Midwood. There she satisfied his highest ideal; here—he was forced to admit it—she was inharmonious and discordant. And yet, was not his life to be spent here? Was not his home to be at Midwood, and his duties all that were comprised in the ownership of such a place? He could not live on the Wythburn crags or under the dark shadows of Helvellyn, forgotten and forgetting, as in last summer's Long. He must take up the position into which he had been born, and fit himself into his sphere. These thoughts flashed like lightning through his brain while his mother spoke; but he gave words only to the first of them, when he answered, very coldly,

"You were wrong, mother, and cruel, to expose her as you have done."

"Which means, my dear boy, that when Miss Lancaster is Mrs. Haynes Midwood must be closed against society at large," she said in a low voice, turning away to capture a young guardsman not quick at fence or falsehood, and present him to Miss Lancaster for the next Lancers.

If Bernard who saw clearly was on thorns, Lois who saw but dimly was not on roses. The occult difference between herself and the rest became at every moment more confessed; and gradually her sense of humiliation worked on her nerves so powerfully that she was on the verge of a fit of hysterics. At last, escaping to the safe seclusion of her own room, she sat down before the glass and had what she herself called a good cry. She was unutterably mortified and wretched, she scarcely knew why; for the glass gave back a face which she knew well enough to be the loveliest of all in the room, and a general appearance with which, in her ignorance, she was perfectly content, and wherein she saw no point of inferiority to the best among them. None the less she was miserable, and wished quite aloud at least a dozen times that she had never come, and she would go home to-morrow, that she would, and never set foot in Midwood again! If Mr. Bernard had to go with Midwood, let him. Mrs. Haynes and Miss Maud would take the sweetness out of honey itself, and make the very sunshine but a dreary hillside mist! She could not bear

it, and she would not; they would break her heart before they had done with her, and she would not have it, that wouldn't she!

When the housemaid broke in, singing, to arrange her room for the night and make up the fire, poor Lois, more at home with Mary Anne than with any of the grand folks with whom the mocking fate which gave the Dead Sea apples had thrown her for the time, frankly fraternizing, poured out all her troubles and wept like a sister on her neck.

"Why, Miss, what's to do?" cried Mary Anne, amazed that anyone should cry who had on a muslin frock, dotted with a thousand sky-blue bows, and who had been dancing with real gentlemen in the Midwood ball-room.

"I feel so lost, Mary Anne!" sobbed poor Lois pitifully. "I'm not myself here, and I've taken the rue for coming."

Then said Mary Anne briskly, having her own private suspicions of King Cophetua, and thinking to herself that if she could she would put any number of spokes possible into that wheel, "La, Miss, if you'll not mind my saying so, you're no fit company for our folks; you're not the same kind as our young ladies, and it's a shame of them to ask you here and make game of you as they do. You're best with your own, and it's my advice that you go back to 'em sharp. You and I are not so far different when we come to measure things, and I'm sure I couldn't do as you do—make free with a family as grand as missis's."

"Why did they have me here if they wanted to make game of me?" cried Lois, indignant through her distress.

"Ah, why indeed!" returned Mary Anne. "That's best known to you and the young master. But I'll you tell what," she added with a burst of virtuous scorn, "these grand folks are precious mean when you get close to 'em. And that's the blessed truth!"

"I'll go away, that I will!" cried Lois, still sobbing.

"Yes, I should," said Mary Anne coolly; "and you'll be best at your own home."

"Oh, Mary Anne, how badly I do feel!" said the poor girl turning pale.

"Have a cup of tea, Miss," the servant answered. "There's nothing like a cup of tea when you are out of sorts."

But Lois fainted before the words were well uttered; and Mary Anne, ringing the bell, brought up a small army of fellow-maids who stood about the girl and conjectured, asserted, pitied, or condemned, according to the calibre of brain and direction of thought belonging to each.

"You left the ball-room early last night, Miss Lancaster," said Mrs. Haynes the next morning at breakfast. "Were you fatigued or indisposed?"

She spoke coldly, as if fatigue or indisposition was an offence deserving rebuke; and she looked with a kind of surprised annoyance at the girl's pale cheeks and sunken eyes, which sufficiently betrayed her discomfort.

"I didn't feel myself very well, Mrs. Haynes," answered Lois rather shakily. She could have repeated last night's fit of weeping under very slight provocation indeed.

Bernard's soft eyes looked sympathetic and distressed.

"Were you not well?" he asked with the unmistakable emotion of a lover.

"Oh, not badly to mind about, Mr. Bernard," answered Lois heroically.

"Was the dancing too much for you?" asked kindly Cora.

"Maybe it was, Miss Cora," Lois said with a jerk, grateful for the suggestion which was so well calculated to conceal the real cause. "I'm not used to it, and I'm very delicate. A very little does for me."

"Then you should not have danced so much," said Mrs. Haynes, always with that subtle accent and manner of condemnation which seemed to place Lois Lancaster as a culprit before her, whom it was part of her daily duty to rebuke.

"How could I hinder myself, Mrs. Haynes?" asked Lois opening her eyes. "When the young gentlemen asked me if I was going to dance, and seemed to want to take me out, how could I give them a back-word?"

"You are not obliged to dance with everyone who asks you," said Mrs. Haynes with her superior smile.

"But I wanted to, Mrs. Haynes," said innocent Lois, goaded into spontaneity. "It isn't pleasant to sit by oneself when one sees all the rest as gay as gay; and it's a treat I don't often have."

"Then don't complain if you suffer," said Mrs. Haynes.

"I didn't complain, Mrs. Haynes," Lois answered with unnecessary earnestness. "It was yourself as asked me if I felt myself poorly, and I said I did. I didn't mean to find fault," she added, her eyes filling with tears.

"No, mother," put in Bernard; "Miss Lancaster did not complain. She never complains of anything."

"No?" said Mrs. Haynes coldly; while the poor girl's tears dropped slowly on her plate; "then we need not pursue the subject. And pray, Miss Lancaster, control yourself a little better than this. People do not cry like children in public—at least, not the people with whom we are in the habit of associating." Which speech of course had the effect of making Lois cry still more and of deepening Mrs. Haynes's displeasure.

After breakfast Bernard watched his opportunity. Mrs. Haynes was always careful to prevent his getting apart with Lois; but this morning she was obliged to attend to some business that would not wait, and her son took advantage of her absence to endeavour to console his disconsolate beloved. He himself was to the full as wretched as she was. He saw quite plainly that his mother whom he loved, and his future wife whom he adored, did not "get on together," but, beyond this elemental perception of things, he was lost. He thought that perhaps Lois might know more than he knew, and, as was perfectly natural, he felt sure that it must be somehow in her power to change the present discords into harmonies, and that, if any blame was to fall anywhere, it must righteously fall on her head. It was her knowledge of this natural decision which had made Mrs. Haynes so certain of her game and so resolute to carry it to the bitter end.

"Lois, my darling," he said tenderly, "what is it that makes you and my mother jar so perpetually? I had hoped everything from your visit here, but somehow things seem all to go wrong, and nothing that I can say or do mends matters in any way. What is it, Lois?"

"I'm sure, Mr. Bernard, you'd better ask Mrs. Haynes, not me," answered Lois with an ominous quiver in her voice.

"I wanted you so much to be friends," said Bernard with almost pathetic earnestness.

"It isn't my fault, Mr. Bernard, indeed it isn't," said Lois, the tears beginning again to start. "I've done all I could to be agreeable to Mrs. Haynes and the young ladies ever since I came, but I don't think they like me; and the more I try the more they seem to snap me. Not Miss Cora though, I must say," she added generously; "she has been as good as gold to me; but," beginning to cry outright, "Mrs. Haynes and Miss Maud, they can't abide me, and that's the whole tale from beginning to end, Mr. Bernard."

"But, Lois, dearest Lois, cannot you make things better?" he cried with the illogical insistence of a man's disappointment.

"No, Mr. Bernard, that I cannot," she answered weeping; "and—I'll not tell you any lie about it—I've taken the rue for coming, and want to go back home."

"Lois," he cried, "you do not mean that, I am sure!"

"Yes I do," she said; "I'm best at home. This isn't the place for me, Mr. Bernard, and I was just a silly gowk for coming. You're all over grand for me, and I'm a sight too simple for you. I'm best at home," she repeated.

"You are at home," said Bernard, taking her hand. It was a well-shaped hand in essentials, but it was not the hand of an aristocrat.

She shook her head. "No," she said; "no, Mr. Bernard. This is no home to me, and never could be."

At that moment the servant entered the room with two letters on a tray for Lois, and "Mrs. Haynes desires to see you, Sir," as his message for Bernard.

"I will be back directly, dear," said the young lover tenderly as he turned away, Lois answering unselfishly, as her manner was; "Don't put yourself about, Mr. Bernard. Don't trouble about me. I've got father's letter to read," again dissolving into tears as she rose from her place and went over to the window, carrying not only her father's letter, but one from John Musgrave as well—to soothe or sting the smarting sore of her wounded spirit.

She read her letters, still standing by the window; and then her hands dropped by her side, and her soul went back to the past and the beloved. The fresh free life of the fells came like a burst of sunshine in the gloom of a winter's day across the memory of the poor, fevered, uncomfortable girl. She saw visibly before her the lovely little Thirlmere Lake, with Dale Head, its mansion, grander to her than even the palatial stateliness of Midwood. The crags and fells rose up to her inward sight, clothed in their russet of autumn, their purple and gold of summer, their greenery of spring, beautiful always; her friends and companions always; things that were like living creatures loving her and sympathising with her, knowing her and understanding her. She knew that she was out of place here, and she felt that she must take her courage in both hands and break her bonds before they had cut more deeply into her soul. She knew where her best wisdom lay, and she must conform to its demands. John Musgrave, who was her friend, would counsel her to do as her own heart was counselling her now; and John Musgrave would not have led her into circumstances which were in real fact no better than so many snares—circumstances wherein he knew, as Bernard must have known, that she would suffer and be pained. John Musgrave was at her feet, and would be translated to heaven upon earth if she would but return home and smile on him. And now that she had seen him nearer, Bernard did not seem so fine a fellow after all. He was under his mother's thumb too much for Lois, whom that thumb oppressed and crushed; she preferred a more vigorous independence, like John's for instance, and a man who would be proud of her, and not ashamed.

The old passion of home that possesses the heart of the mountaineer came upon Lois with its loving sickness, its infinite yearning. She felt as if she could not breathe in these cold, spacious, unhomelike rooms; she must go back to her simpler mode of life, to her mountains, her crags, her mere, her home. Bernard Haynes and all his grandeur were as nothing to her compared to the loveliness of her own. The daughter of the fells, born and reared in the shadow of Helvellyn, she must go back to her cradle, else she would pine away and die; she must shake herself clear of the false dream that had bewitched her if she meant to see happiness or fulfil her allotted length of days.

Mrs. Haynes found her standing thus by the window in the drawing-room, those two dirty, crumpled, ungrammatical, and ill-spelt letters, which had been the awakening magicians, still in her hands; her lovely face softened by its yearning dream, her mind lost, her thoughts away; but, through the dream her resolve slowly consolidating and fashioning itself to an intelligible course of action.

The lady walked up to her with her noiseless, stately step; and Lois, starting, made a little curtsey and said with perfect respect but no assumption of equality, "Mrs. Haynes, ma'am, if you please, I leave here to-day."

Mrs. Haynes bent her head.

"The carriage shall be ready for you at your own time," she said, her handsome eyes flashing with sudden pleasure.

"By what train?"

"The soonest that will carry me, Mrs. Haynes, if you please," Lois answered. "I have my things to pack, and then I am ready."

"I hope you have not had bad news from home?" asked the lady politely, glancing at the letters in the girl's hands.

Lois lifted up her beautiful eyes, again filled with tears.

"Thank you, Mrs. Haynes, father's quite well; but I'm best at home," she said. "It was a pity I ever came."

"I think so too," answered the lady significantly; "but I do not think you have any cause to say so. You have been well treated."

"No, Mrs. Haynes, I have not been well treated," said Lois with a husky voice. "You and Miss Haynes have made me feel that I am not good enough for you; all that I could do and say would not make you cotton with me, and I have been miserable ever since I came. But don't think I want to force myself where I am not wanted," she added. "I have a home, if it is small; and I would rather be in my own with father and them as loves me than be here with all of you, where no one but Mr. Bernard can abide me, and he don't stand up for me."

On which she broke down, and retreated sobbing from the room.

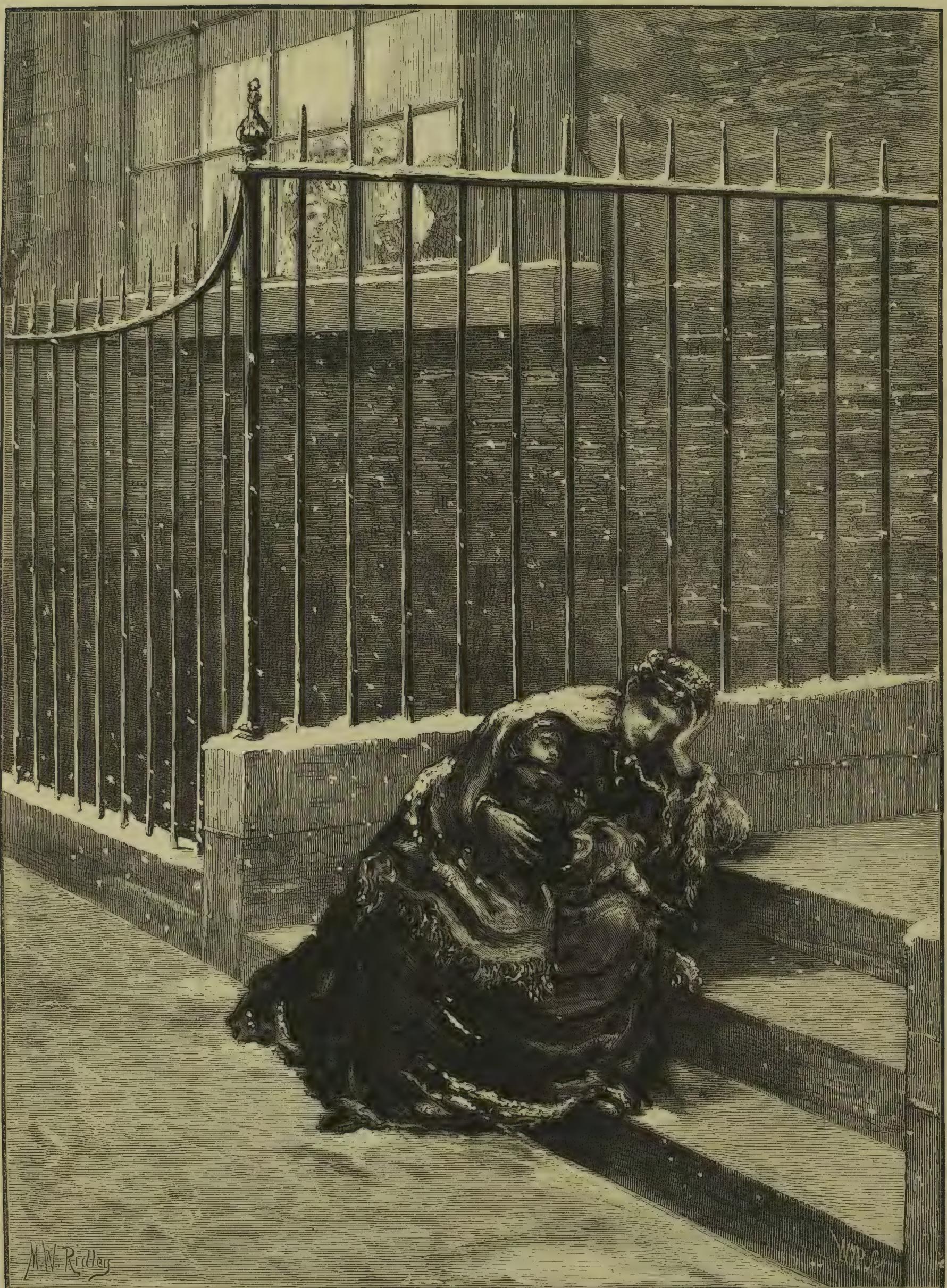
"Poor girl!" said Mrs. Haynes to herself, pitiful now because victorious. "I know that I have been cruel; but what could I do? It was destruction else; and Bernard will live to thank me, as will she. That dear, foolish boy, with his dreams and absurdities, to imagine that he could begin Communism and inaugurate Utopia at Midwood! What an abyss I have saved him from, and how cleverly I have managed him!"

CHAPTER V.

LIKE TO LIKE

If Bernard was to fulfil his mother's prophecy and live to thank her for preventing his ruin, that time was evidently not at this present date. If he was "viewy" and unpractical, because young and romantic, he was neither fickle nor unloving; and his affection for Lois was as sincere as his dream of the future they might have made together, had but a friendly fate permitted, was impossible. Her virtues were of a kind specially delightful to him in his present phase of thought; they were virtues which upheld his ideal of fraternal equality and made it seem reasonable as well as good; while they deepened his revolt against caste distinctions and the vices of his own order whereby such an angel as Lois Lancaster was excluded and abased. Hence he had wished to make her his wife almost as much for moral reasons as for personal liking, and drew as much comfort from his reverence as joy from his love.

When, therefore, she left in this abrupt way, almost at an hour's notice, declining to give any satisfactory explanation because declining to have any private interview with him; refusing his escort to the railway station; saying only, when



LIGHT AND SHADOW.—DRAWN BY M. W. RIDLEY



TAKING TOLL.—DRAWN BY SIR JOHN GILBERT A.R.A.

he pleaded and remonstrated, "I will write to you, Mr. Bernard," and "Please not to press me, Mr. Bernard, I have my reasons" and the like, the poor lad fell into the despair to which we all succumb when the fool's paradise in which we have been living melts into thin air and leaves us only the rugged rocks of the sterile desert, where our gods lie shattered at our feet—stocks and stones no more divine than ourselves.

But despair or not, tears, protestations, what not, it had to be borne; and lovely Lois Lancaster went off, according to her desire, unattended and in silence, but leaving behind her the distinct impression that all was over between them, and that she, the beggar girl, declined the offer of King Cophetua to share his purple, and preferred her own native rags instead.

"You have broken my heart, mother," cried Bernard with a boy's self-abandonment to sorrow.

"My dear boy, I have saved you from destruction," was his mother's reply, made calmly from the heights of superior wisdom. "Had it not been for me you would have been lost for ever; but I rescued you just in time."

"Saved! Rescued! You call forfeiture of my word, breaking my promise, destroying a noble woman's happiness and my own for life, salvation, rescue!" he cried bitterly. "I shall never see her equal, never! She was an angel—simple, sweet, strong, pure! You did not know her, mother, because you would not. You were prejudiced from the beginning, and you saw everything through a false medium."

"You mean that you did, my boy," she answered. "What I saw was a pretty and creditable young woman, well-manured for her station if ridiculous enough when brought into a false equality with such as ourselves; a young woman who will make a capital wife for a well-to-do farmer or small tradesman, where she will not have too much hard work to do, but who, as the wife of a gentleman, would have dragged her husband into the lower levels of society and would have ruined the prospects and position of his whole family. That is what I see, my son, and I think my eyes have been the clearer."

"And your heart the colder," flashed Bernard, stung by love out of his ordinary filial respect.

She bent her proud head in acquiescence.

"Yes, my heart the colder because my reason the keener," she answered, fixing her bright eyes on him steadily; "and reason goes farther than fancy."

"And wisdom, the best wisdom, the wisdom which accepts things not appearances, goes farther than that cold, dead, godless thing you call reason!" said Bernard, pacing the room feverishly, prepared for a month's close arguing; which his mother cleverly avoided by going into the dining-room and giving some unnecessary orders to the butler.

Difficult as Mrs. Haynes found her boy in the first hours of his disappointment, he was slightly more amenable than Lois found her father. If a young man's crushed love is hard to soothe, what is an ambitious man's crushed hope when his cunningly-devised schemes are torn into shreds, and the cup which has touched his lip is dashed to the ground before he has tasted the rich wine on which he has counted as his life's future food? Foud, in his dry way, as old Lancaster was of Lois—a fondness greatly helped by his faculty of arithmetic calculation—proud of her as a bonny thing to look at, and lonesome as he found his home without her—the beershops getting the good of her absence—he had no fair greeting for her when he returned late in the evening from Keswick, and found his daughter in her every-day dress, sitting by the kitchen fire, as if no possibility of a grander time, when she should be a lady with waiting-maids at her feet, had ever crossed her days; as if she was content to live and die in the poor obscurity into which she had been born.

"Why, Lois, lass, how's this?" he cried as he strode in, shaking the wet from his dripping clothes and staring at her as if she had been the Armbeth Bogle—so at least she told John Musgrave some time afterwards, when Bernard Haynes and Midwood and her chances of advancement had all sunk back into the phantasmagoria of a feverish dream.

"I've come back, father," Lois answered laconically.

"Ay, lass, a blind man could see that!" he said. "But why, for mercy's sake?—that's what gets over me! why?"

"Because I was not suited and was not wanted where I was," she said with a certain soft dignity that was infinitely touching; "and because, father, I made a mistake. These grand folk are not for me, nor I for them, and I've done with them for ever!"

"Softly, my lass; softly there! You've got to reckon with your father before you've wiped that chalk off the door," cried old Lancaster with an expression on his face known only too well to Lois. "We dalesmen are not of the kind to be taken up and laid down again like a bit of stack peat. That young man, that Mr. Bernard there, he courted you; and by the Lord he shall wed you or I'll know the reason why!"

"No, father, he shall not," said Lois; "for I'll not wed him. He'd be willing, fast enough, whatever his mother and sisters may say, but it's me as cries off. I'll have none of him, not if it was ever so!"

"And I say you shall!" said her father sternly.

Lois lifted up her head.

"I'll not wed where I don't love," she said, very quiet in her manner, pale as to face, resolute as to accent; "and I find that I don't love Mr. Bernard Haynes as I ought if I was to be his wife; so I'll not make believe the thing I can't swear to as certain sure."

"We'll see, my lass; we'll see!" was his reply. "If there's been foul play between them all we'll see to its being righted, or my name's not Tim Lancaster! I'll have no young fly-by-night coming here after my girl, and then crying off when he finds he's changed his mind."

"Father!" she interrupted a little scornfully as well as angrily. "Don't I tell you that it's me who has cried off; and not Mr. Bernard who wanted to get shot of me? How can you go harping and harping like that on such a foolish word when I tell you the exact contrary, as plain as tongue can speak? I wouldn't marry Mr. Bernard Haynes and have to live at Midwood yonder, no, not if he was made of gold; so now! They ain't the sort for me, and I'm not the sort for them; and I'd rather never have a name to my back at all than a name I didn't agree with and hold by. Leave me to manage my own affairs, and I'll not ask your help."

"You're a fool," said old Lancaster coarsely. "Such a chance doesn't come twice in a lifetime, and you've got your fortune in your own hands."

"I only rue that it came once to me!" cried Lois, bursting into tears. "I know I'd have been saved a sight of money and a vast of trouble if I hadn't been fool enough to think that I was fit to wed with a gentleman like Mr. Bernard Haynes, or that I could ever be the like of his mother and sisters!"

"The long and the short of it is just this, Lois, they've been badgering you," cried old Lancaster, ruffling his grizzled hair in his wrath.

"They behaved as fine as if I was one of themselves," answered Lois with a mental twinge at the falsehood which she felt herself compelled to make for peace sake; "but I came to my senses while I was there, father. It wouldn't do for me to wed with Mr. Bernard. He is too far away from such as us, and nought but sorrow would come of it."

"And his money?" cried old Lancaster with an oath.

"Father, when I marry I'll marry the man, not his money," she answered coldly.

"Marry!—when you marry, lass, it will be some poor crazy old tinker, I'm thinking, if this is the way you are going to carry on," said her father passionately. "Who, in mercy's name, but yourself would have given up such a chance as this?"

"Every honest girl who held herself as she ought, and who disdained to push herself where she was not wanted," Lois replied, holding her head high; "and I tell you again, father, I'd rather eat my fingers off than wed with Mr. Bernard Haynes to have to live at Midwood with his mother and sisters. So that's plain; and I can't make it no plainer!" Saying which she retreated with dignity to her own little room up stairs, and, taking her slate, wrote on it the first draught of the letter of renunciation which to-morrow's post was to bear to Bernard Haynes.

Life is simple enough and action easy while our feelings are single and not complex, while our motives run clear and are not entangled; but when desires pull passionately to the left, and reason warns us loftily to the right, when self-interest and self-respect are at war together, it is difficult to decide on our best course; and even when decided on it is difficult to follow. This was the case now with Lois. She knew quite well what she ought to do, and she intended to do it. Still it was hard. The vision of her grandeur had been very seductive while it lasted and before it had been tested; and, naturally enough, it was a trial to put off her regal gold and purple and come back to her dull homespun. But it had to be done.

She had never been deeply in love with Bernard. He was not the kind of man whom she would have chosen for himself, and before every one else in the world, to be her husband. He was too refined in thought, too subtle, too much above her head to be completely sympathetic with her; that well-to-do tradesman of her earliest aspirations was much more the kind of thing to suit. A county gentleman, with views, was altogether beside the mark; and she was sufficiently reasonable to confess all this to herself, and to act as she confessed. Also, she knew full well that, as she had said to her father, she was entirely out of place among his people. Her self-respect in this had been wounded; it must now reassert itself. She must show them all—that proud woman more than all—that she, the daughter of the fells, had too much independence of character to force herself into a family which did not want her—to marry for money one whom she found that she did not really love. All the same it was a sacrifice, and she suffered while she made it.

But she did make it, and gallantly. She wrote her first copy on the slate, and by care she managed to write it correctly. It was without care and by the spontaneity of nature that she wrote it with dignity. She sent these few lines, she said, to wish Mr. Bernard and them all good-by—to break off the engagement between them—because she was not fit for them and they could not make her feel at home with them, and things that went wrong in the beginning generally finished off worse at the end. She saw that she was in Mrs. Haynes's way and that she could do nothing to please her; and it was best to part now, before it became harder to do. He had better keep to his own, she said—and the tears fell fast as she added, renouncing for ever all her splendid hopes—she would keep with hers; and not all the world could offer would make her go through another such time as she had had at Midwood, or induce her to see him again or carry on with him in any way. She ended by wishing him and them all health and happiness and by being his obedient servant, Lois Lancaster.

So ended the dream of the beggar-girl and the endeavour of our modern King Cophetua to lift her to a place beside him on his throne; so ended the new Utopia planned by the young reformer, the regeneration of society that was to follow on the sons of the aristocracy taking to themselves wives from among the daughters of the peasantry. It was a prosaic sermon on a poetical text, a halting *envoi* to a gracious idyll; but it was inevitable, as things stood, and the only way of wisdom open to either.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Haynes to her daughter Maud, after she had read the letter which Bernard flung over to her in a paroxysm of despair and she had failed in her first attempts to soothe him, but knew quite well that time would do what she had not been able to do, and that he would live to be happy in her way and to thank her for having saved him from his own; "now, was I right or wrong? Had I opposed this mad passion of Bernard's he would have married out of hand. He was fascinated for the time, and saw all things as he wanted to see them. Quietly letting him prove for himself the incongruity of the whole matter, letting the impossibility show itself, saved him and us. Ah, Maud! a silken thread makes the best driving-rein a woman can have when she has to deal with man; and to check while seeming to permit is the only way to secure the command."

She smiled radiantly. She was pleased with herself and her method, and success repaid her for many a bitter moment.

"You are always right, mamma," said Maud, clinging to her with a gesture of special fondness.

"And the young woman has behaved admirably," returned Mrs. Haynes; "with great good sense and dignity; that I feel bound to confess."

"Yes," said Maud with a happy smile; "most admirably. I quite like her now."

Mrs. Haynes looked at her daughter keenly.

"So has some someone else, I fancy," she said with meaning. "Can I read you, my Maud?"

The girl hid her face on her mother's shoulder.

"At last!" she breathed with a happy sigh. "Oh, mamma, I am so happy!"

"I knew it would come, my dear," said Mrs. Haynes. "I am charmed, for you will now be at rest, my Maud; all the same, I never doubted it."

"I did, mamma, once when that girl was here," said Maud.

"Yes, we were in danger certainly then," returned her mother; "and we should have been lost for ever had Bernard carried out his mad design. But we were saved, you see; saved without loss—*quitte pour la peur!*"

"And you managed so well, mamma!—and I was so stupid and impudent!" Maud said with loving penitence. She was so happy, she was glad to be repented; it seemed to add, indeed to her present delight to say how far she had failed in the past.

Her mother smoothed her glossy hair.

"This is the reward for which we mothers long," she answered; "that our plans should succeed, and our children acknowledge we have done well. Now we must think of settlements and your trousseau, my darling; and next year perhaps we may have to repeat it all over again for Cora."

"And Charley, mamma?"

"And Charley."

"I thought so," cried Maud. "Dear little Cora, what a sweet little wife she will make! How much I wish that Bernard would marry Edith."

"So he will some day," said Mrs. Haynes. "He is broken-hearted now, poor boy, or thinks that he is; and that this young woman from Wythburn is the only creature worth a second thought in the world. He swears that I have ruined his happiness for life, and that he will never marry anyone if he cannot have Miss Lancaster; but I know him better than he knows himself, and he will marry Edith Grattan."

"That will be delightful—what a happy family party!" cried Maud, kissing her mother enthusiastically just as Sir James Aitken rode up to the door, and the first chapter of her book of betrothal opened.

It was a curious coincidence, but then life is made up of curious coincidences, that on the evening of the very day in April when Bernard disappointed his mother's hopes and formally refused to propose to Edith Grattan, Lois, who had been but pale and wan all through the winter, was standing out for a moment by the garden gate at Brigend watching the last rays of the sun slowly passing from the fell tops when John Musgrave came riding by. John had been a good deal on and off at the house this winter; and folks did say—but then folks say a vast they have no call to, as John always answered when attacked on the subject—that he had helped old Lancaster out of a pinch which else had threatened him severely—that pinch for the need of which he had blustered to Lois loud and long, and sworn that he would take the law of young Bernard Haynes and make him smart for his villainy. It did not lower his voice to be told that he had not a hair's-breadth of standing-ground. He was angry and disappointed, and when men are in a rage they do not care much for reason. John's help however, tided him over the worst part; and he, for his part, was by no means sorry to be of use to Lois Lancaster's father. It made the future bright and the present very sweet, and it seemed somehow to redeem the mistakes and disasters of the past; and it made Lois tender and patient with her rustic friend—gratitude gilding over the rough places which might be accepted but could not be denied, and rendering all that was homely beautiful and comely.

"Eh?" he said as he came up. "You out in the damp like this? Are you doing wise-like, Miss Lancaster? Aren't you best indoors?"

He spoke with an indescribable accent of tenderness, his fine blue eyes bent on her with grave and serious affection.

"It is very mild, Mr. John," Lois answered, blushing vividly.

"But you are very frail," John returned, hitching his horse to the rail and passing through the gate to place himself by her side. "We must take care of you, you know. Good gear's bad to spare!"

"You are very good to think so much of me, Mr. John," she said, playing with her ribbons, looking supremely pretty if a little awkward.

"Do you like me to mind you as much as I do?" returned John in a lower voice.

"Yes," said Lois, looking down.

"I don't fash you when I care for you?"

The words seemed somehow to choke him; and he waited for their answer as a man waits for the verdict which will give him life or death.

"No," she said.

"You mean that, Lois?"

"Yes, Mr. John; I mean it," she replied.

"He clasped her in his arms.

"Eh, my lass!" he cried, his voice broken with emotion, "you've made a proud man of me to-night! I've waited for you, Lois, as patiently as Jacob waited for Rachel; and I've oft wondered if it would ever come! And now it has; and you do mean it, lass?"

"Yes," repeated Lois bashfully but firmly. "I do mean it, Mr. John."

"And you can make yourself happy with a rough farmer body like me; you as is a lady?"

"Yes, I'll be happy," she answered.

He put back her face tenderly, almost reverently, and kissed her fresh fair lips.

"My lass!" he said, straining her to him with a grasp so powerful that Lois almost cried out for the pain—and yet it was a pleasant pain too—"like's best to like, and love's more nor gear. The highest lady in the land shan't be better cared for nor you; shan't be happier or more looked to; and, as for me, I'd not change my place to-night with a crowned King on his throne!"

"Yes," said Lois, and she meant all that her words implied; "like's best to like, as you say, Mr. John; anything else is of no good. But many a body goes the wrong road that way, and it's a good job when they find it out before it's too late."

"I'm not too late, am I?" asked John, with the foolish repetition of one asking to be assured of that of which he is already convinced. He was only a lover, poor fellow, and no wiser than his kind.

"No," said Lois smiling; "you're in time, Mr. John."

"And you mean it?" he reiterated.

She laid her hand in his.

"There's my hand on it," she said frankly. "Now do you think I mean it?"

"I do, my lass! I do!" he answered, kissing her a little strongly; Lois making a feint to resist, as she gasped breathlessly, "Oh, Mr. John, such ways! Well, if ever I saw the like!"

ENIGMA.

A little span of life have I,
Doomed in my very birth to die;
Gone ere one takes a single breath,
Yet oft my life is charged with death;
By no means of domestic turn,
Still in the pan I sometimes burn;
Then words are used so strong and terse,
They can't be mentioned in this verse.
Drop the first letter, then drop me,
Or use your weapon tenderly,
Bearing in mind each stroke you make
Will cause a back or heart to ache.
Another letter shorn, the gent,
When his cigar is nearly spent,
Will watch my growth with loving care,
Full loth to see me lost in air.
Grown eloquent when gone my third,
In halls of justice I am heard;
And in genteel assemblies where
Run riot the vivacious fair,
And some sweet singer's voice is drowned
In eddying babblement around.
Losing another letter, I
Too often bid myself good-by;
A phantom of myself I grow;
So preternaturally low
My voice I'm hardly heard at all
At home, quite lost in crowded hall;
And yet at times, with misplaced power,
I ape Big Ben, and bellow out the hour.—J. L.

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A GLEAM OF HOPE.—DRAWN BY S. READ.

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

BY R. C. CALDWELL, M.R.A.S.

A writer has never any need of resorting to fiction when the facts at his disposal are as strange, eventful, and fascinating as any scenes which his fancy could create. He whose name appears above has spent about fourteen of his Christmases in India. To drop the indirect, and appeal directly to the reader—if he will forgive, at the outset of this paper, a little egotism—I may say that my grandfather, the Rev. Mr. Mault, was an Indian missionary who never for thirty-seven years or so set foot out of his own mission in Southern Travancore. My father, the Bishop-Designate, has been another thirty-seven years an Indian missionary. I was myself born in India, at Paliang-Kôtei (Palamcottah, the Bridge-Fort of Tinnevelly), and that not long after that sweet and sacred day—most sweetly sacred when spent in lands where the God whose name it bears is not generally worshipped—which in every part of India where I have since been, from the jungles of the Terai to the triple breakers and glistening garnet-sands of Cape Comorin, is honoured and loved more than any other day by our countrymen and fellow-Christians. And yet, strange to say, the first Christmas which I remember in India was one of the most terrible that ever darkened with cloud and lit with lightning the southern portion of the peninsula. A hurricane of unprecedented fury was howling from sandy Coromandel to rocky Malabar. The mad gusts of wind, which made the historic towers of Madura tremble, came tearing down the black-earth plains of northern Tinnevelly, over hundreds of miles of banyan and tamarind and palmyra, along the swift Tambrapurni river, all lashed in to foam, till they careered through the Aramboly Pass—the southmost gorge in the Ghauts of India—away, southward still, across the open ocean, perhaps to swirl upwards to wreck the palmy Laccadives, and then—as is too frequently the case with these cyclones, whose madness has a method—to beat out their savage life amongst the peaks and precipices of Mauritius. I was a little boy then; but some scenes are too deeply impressed on minds to be easily obliterated. The day had dawned rosy and fair. “Ushas”—the Sweet Dawn—to use Oriental imagery, had knocked at the door of peasant and prince, to awake them to do homage to the Rising Lord of Day, the Sun-god. We were travelling from “Edeyengoody” (Shepherd’s Habitation) to “Nagercoil” (Snake-Temple), which are two very well known stations in Southern India. We children were put into a “bullock bandy,” the best mode of conveyance in some districts of the south of the Indian peninsula. An hour or two passed by. There was a sudden darkness. Then came down the solemn, stately rain of the tropics. Every few minutes the awful downpour—no Englishman who has not seen typhoon or cyclone rain knows what heavy rain is—ceased; there was a moaning amongst palms. We, poor little children, heard the *vandikiran*, the driver of the bullocks of our rustic coach, shouting excitedly as he urged the animals along. The sound of the wheels of the conveyance told us that we were progressing through mire—water—deeper water—deeper still! A sudden thunder-clap, a furious noise, a sudden chill of wind whose very essence seemed to be the thin driven spray of rain, the crack of broken branches, and my mother, my two young sisters and self, an ayah, or Indian nurse, the driver, two or three boxes, two splendid Mysore bullocks, and the weighty family coach they dragged, were upset, rolled over, over, and over again! The cyclone was on us. It was a pretty Christmas present, given about six miles north-east, I think, of Aramboly Pass. The very boulders of that wild part of the country, under the beetling crags of Mahendragherry (*Ma-Indra-giri*, the mountain of the sky-god, Indra, and the legendary site from which *Hanumān*, the monkey-god, according to the *Ramayana*, took a single smart jump to Adam’s Peak in Ceylon!)—even these boulders, I say, were in many cases upset and rolled about by the violence of the tornado. What was to be done? My mother, aided by the servants who travelled with us, some of whom tried to hold up the coach at the moment of its being blown down, hurried with us children to the nearest building. It was a Hindoo wayside temple.

The memory of that extraordinary Christmas scene is before me as plain as the paper on which these words are written. A Hindoo temple. Without, the tempest; within, the idols of several gods, *Karimukan* (the elephant-headed one, *Ganesa*) and the rest. At the centre was a courtyard, containing about two hundred devotees. They were engaged in cock-fighting! Nautch-girls moved amongst the throng. They are termed in Tamil-land—where this which I am describing occurred—*Devadāsikā* (handmaidens of God). In plain phraseology, they are members of a distinctive caste of Hindoos—a caste, be it understood, to belong to which—shame be it to our name and fame in the East—the poor young girls are invariably compelled. They have no choice. There is no honourable marriage for them. They are the common property of Temple-Brahmins. Over these votaries, men and women, of cruelty to animals and of animal passions, glared the ochred visage of *Ganesa*, their God. The crowd cared not for the wild cyclone without, till it brought half of a tower about their ears. They were engaged in worshipping the patron of intelligence and sagacity by devoutly cock-fighting before his divine majesty! We were white-faced strangers. Presumably, we were Christians. Mind, this occurred nearly thirty years ago, and our European civilisation has asserted itself of recent years very strongly in Southern India; but at that time the “heathens” there walked in deeper “darkness” than now. So the conclave of devout cock-fighters proposed to turn us out of the temple in which we were obliged to take refuge—a European mother and her bairns! After a great deal of persuasion we travellers were allowed, after being duly abused, to save our lives.

Soon the storm increased. The religious assembly began to pray in earnest, and leave off cock-fighting and dallying with “handmaidens of God.” Bricks rattled about our ears, timbers cracked; Christians and Hindoos were soon huddled up in dry corners of the rain-flooded temple. Such was the first Christmas which I remember to have passed in India! This is, I fear, a sketch of the brutality of barbarism. I am sorry it is truth, not fiction. The part of the temple we of English blood entered was a mere courthouse, in no means sacred or exclusive. The simple truth is this: It is we Christian Englishmen who are teaching not only religion, but also simple humanity, to Hindoos. There ought to be more plain-speaking concerning this point. India never before learnt such a lesson of humanity, philanthropy, or whatever it may best be termed, from any of the Powers which have had her destiny in their keeping—not from the dim days when the first Aryan crossed the Indus—till the time when it was by the holy munificence of England that the Bengal famine was averted, and a Christian Power saved whole nations of her thousand nations from ruin. The Brahmin may have introduced the civilised arts: we have performed a holier mission, and taught a purer lesson. It is better to succour a brother or sister in their hour of need than to pen a poem like the “Mahabharata” or raise an edifice like the Taj at Agra. I believe that—during the last fifteen years especially—Hindoos, especially amongst the lower classes, are getting to appreciate the real soul of Western civilisation. Unlovely incidents, however trifling, such as that I have de-

picted, occur less and less frequently now in India, though caste exclusiveness still holds sway and freezes the life out of fellow-feeling. Europeans, as they travel about the country, meet with annually-increasing courtesy. The white-faced strangers are known better; the natural politeness of the Asiatic expands itself, and is being more widely extended to us men of no caste and new creed.

However imperfect my recollections of my first Christmas in India may be, those I have more recently passed amongst “the palms and temples of the South” are fresh in my memory, as well as being more pleasant to write about. One of the chief delights of Christmas in India is that it occurs in the cool season. It is not only amongst the breezy elevations of the hills, the sanitaria, the rainbow-decked waterfalls of Travancore, the green declivities of the Neighberries, the towering forests of the Vindhya, or the supremely-superb snow-crowned rhododendron regions of the vast Himalayas that Christmas Day comes to the Anglo-Indian as a day of physical as well as mental delight. Even on the baked and burning plains at that joyful tide—even on the endless dunes of shifting, searing sand that make Rajpootana the chief and most terrible desert of India, even in the stony and creviced levels of Mysore—Christmas Day wafts cool winds to the fevered brow of the European in his “land of exile.” There are sounds of rushing waters and of flitting birds. The trees are green. The rich sap of the mango comes struggling upwards from all its quickened roots to the living glory of its topmost frondage. The cocoa-palms, which, when the hot land-winds raged, bent down their yellow “crown of plumes,” raise themselves now in the green luxuriance of their strength. The tamarinds are thick and bushy, and only the neem grows petulantly sickly—fickle as the cactus, which will only open its milk-white blossoms to the moon, or as our own nightingale, which loves night rather than day. Airy clouds fly about the sky, and hang rosily at sunset about the bosky peaks. The infinite laughter of the sea is utterly unlike that of its roar when the monsoons burst—unless, of course, some sudden cyclone lashes it into brief fury.

Christmas time in India is, as a general rule, a time of real jollity. Englishmen, with life and spirits in them, are all determined to enjoy themselves. They must have roast beef—if they can get it. Plum-puddings must, even in the most outlandish districts, be improvised, although for some of the ingredients of the dish an order must be sent to a shopman a hundred miles off. Then, besides this, holly-berries must somehow be procured; and happily, though holly-leaves may fade, holly-berries stand the climate as if they were enchanted. Christmas time, at every station I have known in India, binds together, so to speak, in a chain of flowers, all parts of the Christian community. At the European stations parties, picnics, and balls are the recognised order of the day. Never do croquet balls fly about more merrily; never are badminton parties the scenes of more recklessly-ingenious flirtations. Then the small churches are gaily decked out; and few, except those who care for little worth caring for, are openly careless of recognising the sacred origin of the festival. At many a solitary church in a tropical wild, rises, on that morning, the sound of a Christmas anthem, where, on ordinary Sundays, the canticles test the utmost powers of a scanty choir. It is a day of days, especially in our Church missions.

I have spent at least three of my Christmases in remote mission stations. Even whilst the morning star is the brightest light in the eastern sky—before even the faint weird glimmer of the “false dawn” heralds the true light of morning, just as the imperfect philosophies which have been are only the flickering and flitting precursors of the Universal Day of Knowledge which shall be—the bells were ringing for early morning service. Horns in out-villages were blown and gongs beaten to rouse the distant rustic. Soon as the red dawn peered over the palm-tops troops of native Christians came hurrying in. The church, small and without architectural pretensions, presented a really novel and comely sight. It was decorated as never church in England has ever probably been adorned. Tropical vegetation, in all its flowery bloom at Christmas time, affords the church-decorator rarest opportunities. Broad-leaved plantain-trees, shooting up out of massive pyramids and fountains of flowers, which at our English Yule could not be purchased at any price at Covent-garden—jasmine and tuberoses and myrtle, rhododendron and orchis and rose, the silvery coronals of the peerless yucca, and heavy yellow clusters of the sacred champak, and a thousand other wild and cultivated blooms—totally hid and transformed the rude pillars. Arches, chiefly composed of the broad leaf of the yellow-and-red-flowered portia, which the Mohammedans brought first from across the Indus, airily spanned the humble roof, exalting the interior of the structure to an almost Gothic picturesqueness. Then proceeded the solemn service, all the more strangely solemn as celebrated in a vernacular dialect which, in its deep and passionate tones, reproduces the fire of Oriental feeling. Then, worship over, came the wonted present-giving, and flower-showering, and garland-wearing, and welcome-offering. And all of us who witnessed such a Christmas in India were surely better for the universal festival of goodwill towards men. I remember that, before I was nine years old—before, that is to say, I was sent home (as usual in the case of European children born in India) to school in England—I used to look forward with the utmost eagerness to the return of every Christmas. It was such a thoroughly hearty festival—one which appealed, in its sweetness and freshness, as much to a little child as to an aged man.

And now that, after nearly a quarter of a century has passed—after I have knocked about India, in its three presidencies, as few men have—I feel one thing, perhaps, the most deeply of all concerning this happy time and day. The observance of Christmas is becoming gradually a national Indian rite, irrespective, not only of nationality or caste, but of creed also! The day is becoming one of the greatest of Christian practical sermons in India—preached in the ears of Sikh and Parsee, Mohammedan and Hindoo! Every native of India, from Rāmnugger to Kondal, from the Khyber Pass to the Garni Gorge, knows now, and every year more unmistakably, that the festival is the white man’s festival. In every part of India in which I have been, though not of course universally as yet in every part, natives professing every creed under the Indian sun, know that Christmas Day is a day of gladness of some sort or other to the Englishman. It is a day on which, by a custom annually becoming more and more deeply rooted in them, they make it an especial point of presenting their congratulations and good wishes to the Europeans in their neighbourhood. I have with my own eyes seen the tents of travelling military men, of collectors and magistrates, police officers and planters, and almost all kinds and classes and grades of Europeans, who happened to be journeying about on that day, especially adorned with flowers, and often, what is more, adorned with especial flowers sacred to Kristna and *Ganesa*—the blue and the white ones, concerning the religious meaning of which Orientalists are perfectly cognizant. What does this mean? Of course, outwardly it is simply a form. It is simply, in part, an outcome of inherent Asiatic courtesy. But the Asiatic is keen of intellectual insight. He is certainly quite

well aware that Christmas is a religious as well as a social festival. He knows the meaning of the word by which the day is known, whether the white men about him care much about it or not. He knows, for example, of certain things which refer in the Hindoo creed to the incarnation of Vishnu as Kristna, about which Vaishnuas are notoriously callous, and yet sacred they are in a Vaishnuva’s sight; just so he knows that Christmas Day is so called because it refers to the incarnation of God as Christ. This is no place for sermons, and I am no sermoniser; but what a text is this for a “Gospeller” in India! I hint, I sketch. Let others consider; let others fill in.

Other Christmases I have spent in India, and once, with a party of jovial fellows, who did not mind me, a youngster in my teens, following them after big game, with rifle in hand, as long as I “followed behind and kept quiet.” We heard a crashing before us in the cane-brake—an elephant, probably, was there! We crouched down in a cluster: there were six of us and an Indian shikaree, who had shot with Sir Samuel Baker, I believe, in Travancore. The brute was a rogue, scented us, charged down, but altered his mind just as he would have come within fair view of us. He turned, the bamboos opened him up to view, and two of our party fired. One shot caught him, probably, on the side of the head, and toppled him over. He was up again in a second, and turned tail. The whole of us blazed away, some for the “spot behind the ear,” some for the “famous laming shot,” and I—through sheer excitement, being “the youngster” who “followed behind and kept quiet”—fired, I fear, somewhat recklessly. The elephant tore away, practically uninjured, through the crackling and tossing bamboos. We rushed after him for many miles. Darkness coming on, we returned, weary, bramble-torn, and disgusted, to our rendezvous on a flat, smooth rock, overlooking a torrent which we had had some difficulty of crossing that morning. Our host accused me of having singed his left whisker when firing at the rogue-elephant. I felt sadly crestfallen. A horrible nightmare has sometimes haunted me since that the first elephant I ever shot at carries my ball in an ignominious place of his body. When we returned to our rendezvous, after our interesting Christmas excursion after elephants, we found two of our companions, who had been out in two different directions in other parts of the Ghauts, awaiting our arrival, with our Christmas dinner ready. One of them had been chased by an elephant, whom he had “floored” (we found him dead afterwards, with tusks worth 240 rupees—£24); and the other of our party had been still more successful. We had no plum-pudding and no beef at that feast. Our Yule dinner was a splendid juicy steak cut from a bison killed not two miles from where we sat. So we sipped the Burgundy and Johannisberger we had brought with us to do honour to the glorious day, threw more logs of resinous wood into the fire that blazed before us, turned into our crazy mountain-tents, to begin the 26th of December with a header into the cool deep pool under the cataract above us.

How shall one write fitly of Christmases in India? Are there ever two alike to those who do not tie themselves to a humdrum life in that immense continent? Take one example. Will this Christmas not be utterly unlike any that has passed before, seeing that the future Emperor of India spends it there? I, for one, ye Anglo-Indians, envy you your Christmas this time! Yet, I confess, often enough, when in India, I have envied the Christmases in the old “home country,” without your mosquitoes and snakes, punguas and puggeries, pilao and curry, tom-toms, cholera, mongooses, moulvies, and man-eaters!

“TAKING TOLL.”

They feasted high in Firlands Hall;

The guests were glad and free;

The noble host liked best of all

Their jollity to see;

With slices of the grand sirloin

A mighty platter filling,

Good ale with beef he chose to join,

In no untimely swilling.

The busy servants, man and maid,

Stood ready at command;

The spoken wish was swift obeyed

By nimble foot and hand;

So, when for his accustomed draught

The Baron felt he hankered,

To eat more freshly, while he quaffed,

He bade them fetch his tankard.

Not quite within the open door,

But peeping at the hall,

She saw them on the dais floor,

Make sign to serve his call;

So Betty, to the cellarman,

For what was needful hurried,

Then, with full tankard, bacs she ran,

Nor spilt a drop, though flurried.

And well she might be so, for there

Stood Rob of Rabbitsdale,

The man-at-arms, who loved her fair

When not bemused with ale.

But Rob was aye too fond of drink,

Too careless of his duty;

He whispered, with a naughty wink,

“A kiss and sip, my beauty!”

(And got what he wanted, of course.)

“THE OLD SAILOR’S CHRISTMAS’ GIFT.”

Tarpaulin Jack, of whom these boys are fond,

Brought his young masters “summat from the Fair,”

A mimic ship, to sail in village pond,

Rigged by some lubber in a fashion rare,

But weighted so with lead along the keel,

The most capsizing squall she scarce may feel!

And Jack, approving much their predilection

For studies nautical pursued in play,

Will tip the youngsters many a shrewd direction,

As how the rudder, how the sails to lay,

Then watch her move, the farther bank to gain,

And spin his yarns, of wonders of the main.

What seas—what fleets—what storms—what reefs and rocks—

Whales and sea-serpents, monsters of the deep—

Then horrid shipwrecks, with such crashing shocks—

And cries of drowning men, would make you weep;

Till, all made tight once more, all canvas spread,

With steady wind abaft, our vessel drives ahead!

And, swiftly speeding in that easy motion,

She bears old Jack and both the listening boys

A fancy voyage, o’er the farthest ocean,

To islands of the South, where Nature joys

In boundless orchards, Life is only Fun,

And every morn sees Holidays begun!

DOLLY'S DREAM.

The real old-fashioned Christmas pudding of good old merry England should be boiled for not less than twenty-four hours. That was my grandmother's opinion, and it doesn't matter a fig what you and I may think of it in these degenerate days. Little Dolly was one of a large family, in which all the women and children took their respective turns of watching and tending the big saucepan that simmered on their kitchen fire all the day and all the night. She had, in the first instance, been allowed, with every one of the others, to lend a hand in stirring the savoury compound before it was tied up in the clean white linen bag. Wiser heads than hers had chosen, and more skilful hands had mixed, the proportionate quantities of flour and bread-crumbs, minced suet, currants and raisins, eggs well beaten up with cream, and milk to moisten the delicious mess, not forgetting the dose of candied citron, the orange-peel, and the spicy nutmeg, to compose this crowning dainty of a Christmas dinner. As for Dolly, who was six years and a half, and who could spell at least twenty words of two syllables, her mind had long since risen to the study of much nobler mysteries than those of the culinary art. She cared more for the tales of Hans Andersen and the Brothers Grimm than for the precepts of Mrs. Glasse. Indeed, she never thought much about eating, unless it was something which looked pretty in the dish, like the summer fruit, the raspberries and cream, or the jellies and trifle at a supper-giving party; or else when the thing had a pretty name, like vermicelli; or when it had once been a living bird, for Dolly loved all birds, and would have liked herself to have been a small feathered biped, with a pair of wings, to fly over the house-top and beyond the neighbouring hill. That was her private inclination—to be either a bird or a fairy. Nevertheless, she thought it good fun to join her Mamma and Sisters and Aunt Jane, and Cook, and the maids, in their grand muster and appointment of all hands in the household, to help and watch the boiling of their Christmas pudding.

Some of the elders, who had their needlework or knitting for the mind's amusement, sat before the fire as long as two hours. But little Dolly was bound to journey to Bedfordshire, or to the Land of Nod, at half-past eight that Christmas Eve; so half an hour, beginning at half-past seven, was quite enough for her. It was after the early tea with which Mamma had concluded a happy afternoon in the drawing-room, where Papa had told some of his wonderful stories, and Sister Mary had sung one of her lovely songs, and Brother Harry, who took her that morning to see him try his new skates, had been in the best of humours with Dolly, and the dog, and cat, and all the world. This little girl was therefore content to sit in waiting all alone by herself during the half hour allotted for the servants' tea; after which she would be fetched in peace by Ann, the nursemaid, to have her hair brushed, and to wash and undress herself, and then to lie down in her safe little bed.

But Ann was called from the tea-table in the servants' room to attend her mistress upon some other trivial matter. It was some minutes past the half hour when Dolly's brains in her head, like the pudding in the boiling-bag, were melting together a curious mixture of nice and odd and funny things. Many odd things had been put into the hotch-potch of stray thought by remembrance of many scraps of talk, of some little reading of what she had seen and done, and of conscious feelings never yet confessed. This medley of ideas and experiences, as it simmered to the dozing point in that small round pot of bone—I mean her skull—which was overheated by the blazing kitchen fire, presently began to send up a cloud of steam. And the vapour of a dreamy imagination took such fantastic shapes that Miss Greenaway has thought it worth while to draw a picture of them, which it is my business to explain.

But you must know that Dolly had sat down with one particular notion above the others in that heap of fancies and facts, of sense and nonsense, which she had got in her head. This notion, which lay uppermost of the heap, because it was put in the last, was what Cook and Ann told her when they left her alone in the kitchen. "Now, Miss Dolly, don't you move from there, else the Fairies will come and spoil the pudding; but if you sit there and keep 'em off, they must do whatever you like to make 'em."

This was not true, as you and I know, but Dolly believed it as if it had been in Magnall's Questions, or Mrs. Markham's History, or even Pinocchio's Catechism. It was a sort of pious fraud—a fable intended to make her sit quiet. But she had, unluckily, overheard another superstitious maxim or precept about invoking the power of the Fairies in the making of a Christmas pudding. "If you stir three times," so the Cook had told Ann in Dolly's hearing, "and you wish for anything, you're sure to get it." The stirring of which Cook then spoke was of course to be done in the previous mixing of the different things to make the pudding. But Dolly mistook what was said, and fancied they would have to stir the water in the boiling saucepan, like soup or broth. She did not consider that the pudding would be tight in its bag.

Dolly thought of such things more than enough in the long half hour, till the clock struck eight with a strange, earnest sound, as though time was going to be a different sort of concern from what it had been at the same hour of former evenings. It seemed a kind of signal to Dolly that she was now to witness and experience, or perhaps to exercise, a different sort of power in wider realms of life than the nursery, the school-room, and the garden of her parents' orderly house. She arose, and with both hands lifted from the big saucepan its heavy iron lid, which she was able to place noiselessly on the hearth. Then with the big iron ladle she thrice stirred the water above the pudding-bag, which she could feel lying round and soft at a moderate depth. And while she did this, once, twice, and three times, Dolly felt three distinct wishes come into her mind. "Oh, if the Fairies really would come for the pudding! Oh, if I could fly like a bird right away there out of the chimney! Oh, if I could see how they live in Fairyland, I'd let anybody have my piece of the pudding!"

But these last words are what Dolly thought just at the moment when she had laid down Cook's big ladle and was about to put the lid on the saucepan, from which it ought not to have been taken off. The water instantly began to boil so fiercely, with such menacing waves and loud, hissing noise, that Dolly was quite frightened. And I don't know whether she dropped the lid on the fender and fell back stunned with the iron clang; or whether she sank down in a swoon upon the hearth-rug; or whether she merely gave it up and sat down again and went to sleep in the cushioned arm-chair, which had been placed by the kitchen fire to accommodate the watchers of that night. I don't know what *did* happen, because Dolly herself, who should have told me, didn't know any more about it than what seemed to her, in the next few moments or millions of years, to have taken place with herself and all that was present to her mind.

Down the steep black cliff, as it then looked, of the kitchen chimney's back wall, riding swiftly down upon some returning puffs of smoke, which soon cleared away above the hearth, came two of the oddest little men that ever were seen out of Richard Doyle's and George Cruikshank's pictures. "Oh!" cried Dolly, "the Fairies!" "Hah!" they shouted, "the pudding!" Then they stood amidst the burning coals, one at

each side of the boiling saucepan, and she saw them plunge their long arms into the scalding water and lift the huge pudding, in its bag, with a shriek of delight and a caper of demoniac joy. They turned and grinned at Dolly; they made mouths at her as well as at the pudding, but she was not much afraid of their eating her, because she believed they would choose to eat the pudding first. Then, with a farewell kick at the kitchen fire, which threw up a shower of sparks and red-hot cinders, and flames of fresh coal-gas, to pursue these imps in their sudden ascent, up the chimney they flew. But that was not all. For Dolly flew after them, all the way up the long dark chimney, without a speck of soot on her white muslin frock. And at the top of the chimney there was light, but not that of the moon and stars any more than of the sun. It was "the light that never shone on sea or shore," the light of fond fancy, that of the childish heaven of a playful Fairyland.

Yes, it was in Fairyland that Dolly had arrived, if her dream was good for anything; but who could have thought any fairies would care for a Christmas plum-pudding of mortal composition? She had never heard that it was the custom of fairies to keep Christmas at all. They were supposed to be a sort of heathen folk; and she was not learned in antiquities, so she did not know that the pudding was a relic of heathen institutions. But she thought her Mamma, and Aunt Jane, and Cook would have been scandalised, if they had been there to see it, at the levity with which their sacred pudding was treated in Fairyland. She saw it brought to a Fairy village, where a hundred little people, with slight and nimble limbs, but with very big round heads, all very jolly and brisk in countenance and gesture, were disporting themselves on the village green. They hailed with vociferous glee the arrival of Pug and Sock, the two purloiners of the pudding, whose names she now heard from their fellow-countrymen, when they came and laid down their weighty burden. It was surrounded and scized, handled and kicked, rolled to and fro, dug into, and sat upon, by the screeching mob of merry-making pygmies, as a Dutch cheese falling off the larder-shelf might be attacked by an army of mice. But no tools were applied to cut it up, and their appetite or taste was content with plucking a few currants and raisins, which they ate now and then, rather as a foreign curiosity. The suet and flour, indeed, which make up the main bulk of a pudding for us mortals, were rejected as too gross for fairy digestion.

Some of them presently began to debate what use they should make of the huge soft mass, when all the plums were picked out. They kept no pigs in the village, which was a pretty little place, a straggling collection of neat wooden cottages, in a greenwood glade of the mighty forest. No cattle or domestic animals were theirs to be fed for a season from the product of so much cost and care in a human household. Our Cook would have been grieved to behold the scornful contempt which befel one of her most elaborate works of art. It was at length decided, by the parish vestry or town council of the locality, that the pudding should next day be broken up and spread on the fields for manure. It was placed in the mean time, while the villagers went on with their evening sports and pastimes, at the south-west corner of the playing-field. Beneath the shade of an enormous mushroom, and of an oak with mistletoe, they left the despised dainty of Dolly's parents' kitchen while they finished a game of leap-frog. Nobody spoke to Dolly for a long time, and she grew tired of watching their gambols. She felt also very hungry, and then it naturally occurred to her that she might be allowed to eat a piece of her own pudding.

This was a very modest and innocent pretension, you must allow, on the part of a lonely, friendless, wandering child. She found herself all at once in the strange land of her wishes and dreams; but without any one to bid her welcome, to offer her food and shelter, or to take care of her and supply her needs. But now came the worst disappointment in Dolly's life. She found in that Fairy world, which she had imagined to be so pure of evil, the human sins of selfishness, of greediness, pride, and malice, even more rife and rank than in the most vicious hearts of mankind. Those wicked little people, though they did not want her pudding for themselves, yet prized it as a conquest, and would not let her touch it. When they saw her go near it they ran up from all sides, with screams of ridiculous fury, and with mocking and menacing gestures, chattering in a language of their own, but too plainly forbidding her to meddle with their useless booty. Some formed a ring about the pudding, or mounted atop of it, while others assailed Dolly with direct insults, taunts, and reproaches, as if she had attempted to rob them.

"Oh dear!" sobbed the poor child in the midst of that dreadful crowd of enemies; "won't you let me have one very little slice of Our Christmas Pudding? You can't eat it all, because it is such a big one, and you are such very small people. Why don't you give me a bit of it? What have I ever done to hurt you? Please don't be so angry with me!"

Then came forward one of the ugliest little imps, who understood and spoke our language. He had been employed in our world to spoil the young gentlemen at an eminent boarding-school.

"You shan't have a bit, unless you will stand upon your head, to make fun for us Fairies!" said this wicked little wretch, by the command of others more wicked than himself.

"Stand on my head!" exclaimed Dolly. "Girls mustn't do that. I can't and won't. I'd rather starve!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" they broke out in shouts of laughter. "It will be jolly fun to see you starve; we'll measure you twice a day, to see how thin you get before you die."

Dolly cried and wailed most bitterly, and humbly implored their pity, in spite of her resenting their behaviour with the most vehement indignation that could arise in a gentle little human heart. But the horrid little wretches did not care a bit for her distress.

You see, boys and girls, that it does not follow, because the Fairies are pretty and clever and funny, as we fancy we see them to be in your amusing story-books, that we should like really to depend on them for kindness or justice. It is quite another thing to be good, and I hope you will try, by God's help, only to be *that*, and never seek to be admired for the other qualities. Dolly, for her part, did not know whether she was at all clever, or at all pretty; and it is not worth while for me to tell you either the one thing or the other about her.

But only see, now, if Dolly wasn't coon; for she stood like a little angel among the Fairies; and, when she saw that their cruelty was unmoved, a brave thought came into Dolly's mind. She drew herself up with calm dignity, with an air of sweet, firm resignation—that of a true martyr, and with tender compassion for the sinfulness of her persecutors.

"Oh, you poor, naughty little people!" she said to the mocking, gibing crowd; and she looked, just then, very much like the picture of her in the Engraving on another page. "You are doing so very wrong! How can you dare to do wrong?"

"Wrong?" answered the fairy spokesman, whose name was Wittywack; he was tall and slender, dressed in tight leggings, striped waistcoat, and a high-peaked red cap with a tassel. He had a long nose, high cheeks, and staring eyes, all of the most impudent expression; and he stuck his arms akimbo most rudely when he spoke to the young lady. "What is

wrong?" said he. "You're talking nonsense; we never heard of such a thing."

"Oh me!" cried Dolly, in a burst of unselfish sorrow, "Don't you know about right and wrong? Let me ask mamma, and you may come to our Sunday school with me, and we will learn all about it."

"Ha, ha, ha! My eye, here's a silly!" the whole assembly roared in words of their own. "She's mad—she's drunk—she's a regular fool! Here, Missus, let's have a dance on the dung-hill!" They caught the skirts of her frock, to drag her away.

"Oh, do stop!" she entreated them, struggling to be free, yet with tears not of anger, but of wounded love, streaming from her eyes. "Oh, do let me love you, dear little fairies, as I used to do in my story-books at home! Oh do come home with me to papa and mamma's house, and let us go to church and school, and you shall learn about doing right—it is so sweet, we are so happy—doing right, you know, for His sake."

But some of the fairies were listening to what she said, with a puzzled curiosity. They left off pulling her about, and Wittywack asked whom she was talking of when she said, "for His sake"?

The little child stood amongst them, and felt as though she stood alone, yet not alone, but in an awful presence that shut out all other persons; and a flood of holy joy, pouring from the whole sky and welling up from the earth around her, seemed to lift her softly floating on waves like pillows of rest; and softly from her trembling lips dropped the awful name that she had been taught to love and to fear.

But that one word, with inconceivable suddenness, dissolved the whole visionary realm of Fairyland; and the child awoke to find herself in her mother's arms by the fireside, and to be kissed and carried safely to her peaceful bed.

O. P. Q.

THE FAIRY GLEN.

O youth is so fiery and love is so jealous,
And to fan a faint flame friends are found over-zealous,
Till the slight fire of anger which soon might have died
Is wrought to a blaze by youth's passionate pride;
And hearts which are yearning to mingle disperse,
Like streams from one fount flowing diverse for ever.
A little less love and the wound were less keen,
A little more trust and no wound would have been.
As it is they part coldly, their feelings close-hidden,
Yet still loving on though the love be forbidden.

"Twas thus with young Percy and fair Marguerite.
Life flushed their horizon with promise so sweet,
Overarched by Love's midsummer sky; but too soon
There arose a black cloud which darkened their June.
In a lover-like quarrel some hot words were spoken,
Charge brought countercharge, and their union was broken.
Though each felt the other engraved on the heart
Angry pride interposed and kept them apart.

But Percy occasion soon took to declare
His remorse, importuning the obdurate fair.
While she—ah, that pride such dominion should gain!—
Met all his advances with seeming disdain.
He had chosen, and now he must bide by his choice;
She had in the matter no option or voice.
And then came a letter, brief, telling her how
His love was unchanged, and he vowed her a vow
If she could not or would not give heart and hand
Then he would not and could not remain in the land.
Yet still Marguerite, swayed by spirit malign,
Though loving him wildly, of love gave no sign,
But bore herself proudly; nor could one surmise
That, like the brave Spartan, she smiled to disguise
The agony tearing and tugging within,
The fight 'twixt her pride and her love, which should win.

But the news as it reached her that Percy was going
Smote the fountain of grief and set her tears flowing;
With the love of old times her bosom was burning,
Her hot, angry pride now on self only turning.
What folly, what madness, what crime had she done?
How could she cast off such a prize she had won?
And close with this spirit of self-inquisition,
Hand in hand, came a gentler spirit, contrition.
O could he but know it? O might she but tell
How she loved him throughout, and never so well
As when she most scornfully threw him aside?
And could he and would he forgive her vile pride?

In the quick-fleeting past, when to live was delight
And all things seemed fair as the hours winged their flight,
She and Percy one day had found out a glen,
A sweet cosy nook, far from dwellings of men;
The Fairies' Abode they had called it, and here
They listened delighted to melodies clear.
A miniature waterfall, gurgling and tinkling,
All the herbage around it with soft dews besprinkling,
To the singing of birds played a sweet undertone,
That harmonised well with the wood-pigeon's moan.

And here came the maid in her crisis of sorrow,
From realms of the past if perchance she might borrow
New hope for the future. A flickering gleam
Distorted and twisted, as in a bad dream,
She caught of her face in the fluctuant stream.
The glen sure was haunted, and sights and sounds drear
Wherever she turned met her eye and her ear—
The shadows and echoes of past joys were near.
But still in the midst of her heart-breaking woes
There stole on her spirit a sense of repose,
If not of glad hope, for the babbling cascade,
As it saucily sparkled and laughingly played,
Thus sang—so her heart read the water-sprite's song—
"He's coming! I know it! He will not be long!
For the good fairies here will never, that's clear,
Permit in their realm such a palpable wrong.
Take courage, down-hearted! You shall not be parted!
He loves you! I know it! He will not be long!
The little folk told me—perhaps they will scold me
For telling their secrets—but you must uphold me:
O maiden! fair maiden! I bring you good cheer:
I said he was coming—and lo, he is here!"

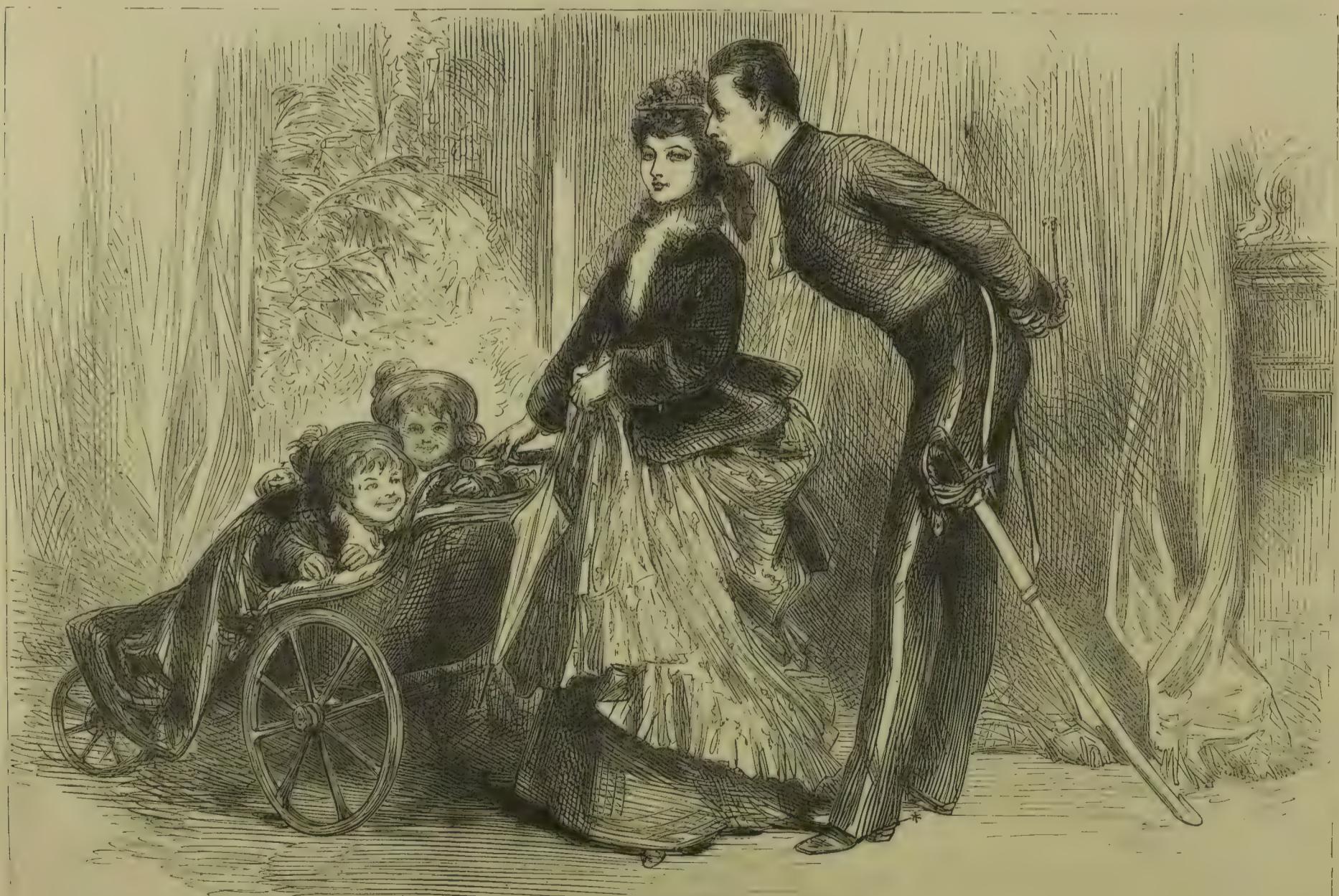
She turned her head quickly on hearing a sound,
The heart of the maid gave a violent bound:
Too late, if she wished it, to run or to hide—
For there stood young Percy quite close at her side.
One look of their eyes, and all was made plain;
Quite gone were their sorrow and doubting and pain.
Entranced in delight, not a word was there spoken,
And save for the birds was the silence unbroken;
Except that the waterfall, gaily bespattering
The flowers and the herbage, kept volubly chattering
"I knew it! I told you! I said he was coming!"
The brook went on laughing and dimpling and humming,
All the glen wore a smile, and the birds' song was sweet,
As in gladness for Percy and fair Marguerite.

JOHN LATEY.

A PICTORIAL CHARADE



THE FIRST SYLLABLE.

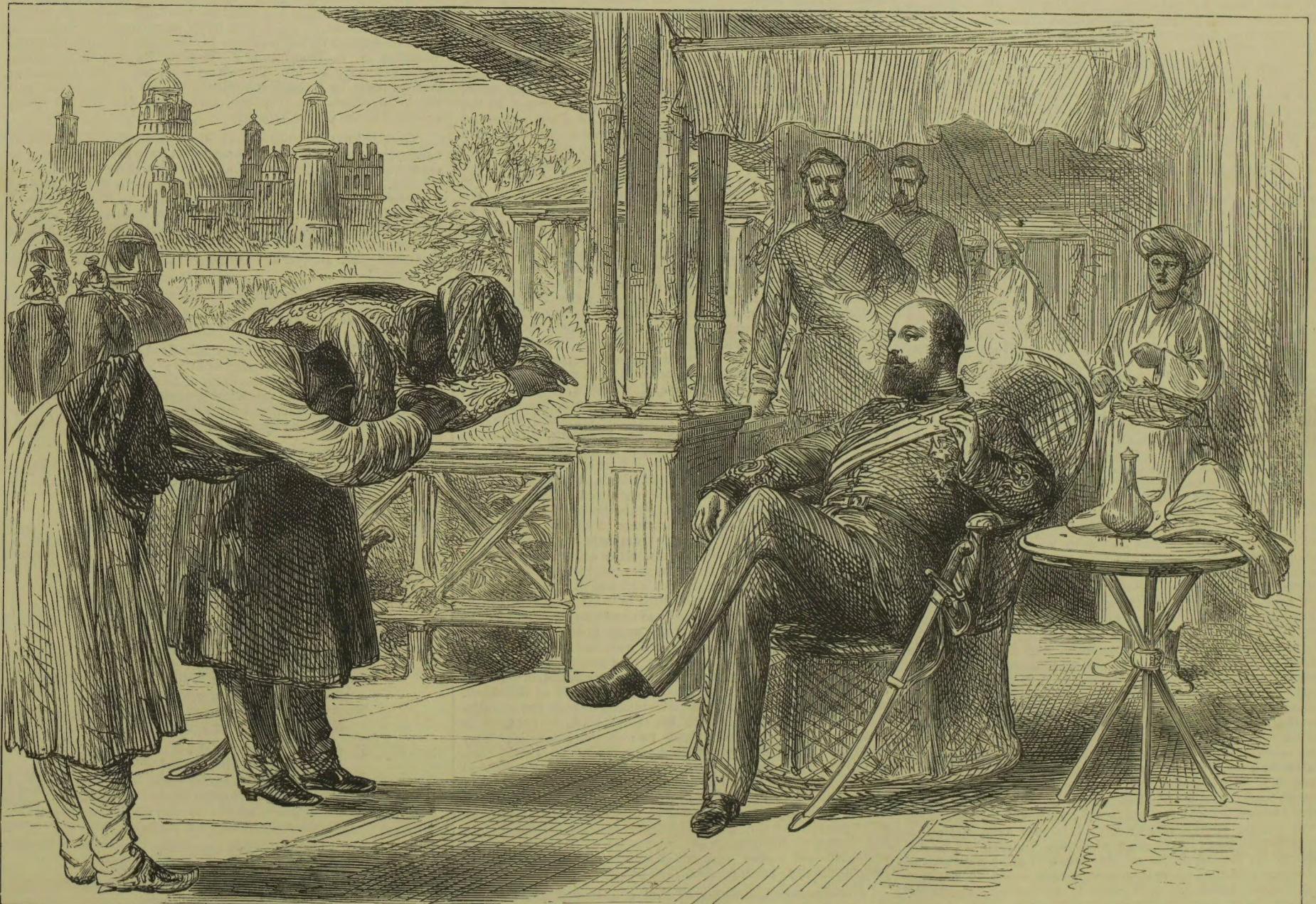


THE SECOND SYLLABLE.

A PICTORIAL CHARADE.



THE THIRD SYLLABLE.



THE WORD.—DRAWN BY A. HUNT.

[THE ANSWER TO THIS CHARADE WILL BE GIVEN IN THE NUMBER FOR DEC. 18.]

The Coloured Supplement.

"THE HOME AT NAZARETH."

At the first sight of this picture it cannot fail to arrest attention and stimulate thought, so novel, so original is the manner with which the artist has treated a theme, the pictorial capabilities of which might well seem to have been exhausted by the Old Masters in the thousands of "Holy Families" they have left to us. Without insisting, like Mr. Holman Hunt, so much on Oriental peculiarities and archaeological details as to provoke protest from those imaginative minds that refuse to be tied down to literal or probable fact, Mr. Holyoake has yet infused into his work ample Eastern *couleur locale*, so as to satisfy our knowledge of Oriental life. That knowledge having been so largely increased since the days of the Old Masters, it is obvious that it can hardly again be entirely ignored.

The scene is laid under a wooden porch, or verandah, such as affords shade to man. Eastern houses in the present day, and probably did so when our Lord was on earth. The draperies are similar to those which we know have been woven in the East from time immemorial. Equally characteristic are the palm, the cedar, the maize, and the lily—emblems of purity, appropriately placed near the Child Christ and his Virgin Mother. Still more felicitous, and in many ways suggestive, is the introduction of the doves. They, too, are emblems of purity; and they are, besides, typical of sacrifice. The representation of the youthful Christ folding to his bosom tenderly and protectively a pair of those innocent creatures, which, under the old dispensation, were so frequently offered vicariously on the altar, strikes us as one of the most touching and beautiful thoughts in modern religious art. In the absent gaze of those wistful eyes of the future Redeemer we read a sorrowful premonition of his own great sacrifice—a consummation of atonement that shall not only render the blood-offerings of other innocent victims for ever needless, but shall also render pardon possible for the penitent guilty.

Nor is the presence of the Virgin Mother without a deep significance, beyond the pictorial value of her figure, crowning as it does the skilfully-arranged group. She stands in the shadow, watchful of her son, yet with an expression of sad introspection, as though already enveloped in the shadow of her great sorrow, as though recalling the sacrifice of the pair of turtle-doves made on her purification, and its possible import regarding the fate of her son—as, in short, pondering on those "things which she kept in her heart."

The types, moreover, of all three figures—Mary, Jesus, and the little St. John—are not less a surprise than the novelty of the conception in other respects. In these also the artist has broken clean away from tradition. And why not? We have no unquestionably-authentic evidence as to the actual bodily appearance of the Saviour; certainly not as to that of Mary and St. John.

Still greater, then, the reason that the painter, seeing that there is no text to bind him down, should enjoy the privilege accorded to the actor of presenting a new reading of a threadbare part. For ourselves, we accept Mr. Holyoake's presentation of these sacred personages, particularly that of Jesus, as not unworthy of the subject. Indeed, we shall not readily forget that haunting look of more than human love and foreboding in the sweet sad eyes of the Child Christ; nor that fondling of the turtle-doves on his bosom; nor that pathetic figure of the Mother of Sorrows standing, as it were, already foreshadowed by the woe that ere long will fall upon her.

T. J. G.

CHRISTMAS ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

Now is the time for publishing a variety of costly works, in which literary and artistic representation combine their forces, and in which a finely-printed text, whether or not of much originality in thought and expression, is accompanied by superior engravings, chromolithographs, or photographs, with decorations pleasing to the eye. Some of these publications claim particular regard for the interest of their subject. One that should be placed on the library table in a nobleman's or gentleman's mansion is that issued by Messrs. E. Moxon, Son, and Co., *Windsor Castle, Picturesque and Descriptive*, in a grand folio volume. It contains a series of twenty-three photographic views, taken by her Majesty's special permission, of the exterior and the interior of the Castle—that is to say, of the state apartments, with a descriptive text by the late Mr. B. Woodward, the Queen's librarian at Windsor. There is no need for us to dwell upon the national importance of this subject to all Englishmen, and we have only to bear testimony that the manner in which it is here treated seems worthy of the occasion. It must, however, be admitted that there are few or no historical events of a striking and memorable character associated with this Royal residence, so ancient and famous as it is, but Mr. Woodward has judiciously avoided needless flourishes about it. The Norman Kings had a hunting-lodge at Windsor; the fortifications of the Lower Ward were constructed by Henry III. It was Edward III. who built the Round Tower, as originally designed, for the home of his Knights of the Garter. It contained a round table—that is to say, a table in the shape of a ring, with an open space in the middle. The Knights sat around the outer edge of the table, with their backs to the wall, and were served by attendants in the centre, where the floor had an opening to the basement. The same King rebuilt the palace chapel, which he dedicated to St. George, the patron saint of the Order, and he gave up the old palace to the Knights' use, building a new one for himself in the Upper Ward. This seems to have been the proper foundation of what we now consider Windsor Castle, including the state apartments. It was by William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor in that reign, that the building was planned, as well as the colleges he erected at Winchester and Oxford. Some additions to Windsor Castle were made by Henry VII., Queen Elizabeth, and Charles II., but the greater part of the edifice, as we see it at the present day, is of quite modern construction. It was built for George IV. by Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, and there may be a difference of opinion concerning its architectural merits. As a whole, in Mr. Woodward's judgment, it is a grand object when viewed from a distance; the outline is perfectly harmonious, and a superb unity is given to the structure by the elevation of the Round Tower, with its accessory Flag-Tower. But some of the details are positively offensive, "and viewed in its several parts, the structure resembles nothing so much as a castle in a theatrical scene, or the illustrations to a modern romance." These remarks are severe, but not altogether without truth; and we can but regret that some other of its Royal owners, instead of George IV., was not the patron of the rebuilding of Windsor Castle. It would have become a very different thing in the reign of Queen Victoria, and in the hands of Sir Gilbert Scott or Mr. Street. After all, there is St. George's Chapel, in its venerable Gothic, worth all the rest of Windsor Park; but few of us will be disposed, in the view of architectural taste, to boast very highly of the Castle.

The designs of M. Bida for illustrations to the Four Gospels have been noticed with due admiration on a former occasion, when the first part, containing the Gospel of St. Matthew, was published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Low, and Searle. *The Gospel of St. Mark*, constituting the second part, is now issued; and the artistic merits of its twenty-four drawings and engravings will not be judged inferior to those which had appeared before. We should rather avoid criticising, in any case, the attempts which M. Bida has made to represent the person of the Saviour. But as an example of his power in the conception of scenes where that sacred figure does not occur, we may refer to the one in which Herodias, with a wicked smile, looks upon the severed head of John the Baptist in the dish brought to her by her daughter. The expression of this woman's countenance, in that hour of her triumphant revenge, is here forcibly rendered. Again, in the conclave of the chief priests or the Sanhedrim, where Judas offers to betray his Master, there is a certain degree of dramatic power in the look of some of their faces, but not entirely free from distorting exaggeration. It is announced that the third part of M. Bida's work, being the Gospel of St. Luke, will be published in the ensuing season.

We have on a former occasion noticed the handsome and attractive work of Baron C. Davilliers on *Spain*, illustrated by Gustave Doré, a translation of which, by Mr. J. Thomson, F.R.G.S., Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., have lately produced. The writer and the artist travelled through Spain in company. Their route was from Barcelona, along the eastern coast to Valencia, to Alicante and Cartagena; thence inland to Granada, where they made an admiring examination of the Alhambra; afterwards to Seville, Malaga, and Cordova; then northward into Castile, with a visit to Toledo, and a longer sojourn at Madrid; on to the Escurial, and through Leon, thence to Burgos, and down the Ebro to Saragossa; the Basque provinces and the Balearic Islands occupying the last two chapters. Baron Davilliers has a good faculty of lively and exact observation, and seems to have made a thorough study of Spanish history and literature. The designs of Gustave Doré, furnishing about a hundred and twenty full-page engravings, and nearly an equal number of smaller size, do not at this time stand in need of much critical appreciation. One of them, entitled "An Accident," which represents a diligence, with horses and passengers, tumbling down a precipice by the roadside, is an uncommonly violent effort of fancy; but the reality must have been still more astonishing to those concerned.

As one of the earliest publications for this season, in the department of artistic illustration, we have already noticed Mr. Samuel Read's *Leaves from a Sketch-Book* (Sampson Low and Co.), to which, nevertheless, we may be allowed, in the review of Christmas gift-books, the opportunity of giving a second notice. The contents of this handsome volume, as our readers will be aware, have been gathered from past numbers of the *Illustrated London News* during twelve years. They are Mr. Read's "Pencillings of Travel, at Home and Abroad." Mr. Read is a member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and has achieved high reputation by his genius for depicting, more especially, two classes of subjects. The characteristic features of Gothic buildings and other architectural monuments of the Medieval period, as well as the sculptures appropriate to their decoration, have been discerned and represented by him with a skill inferior to no artist of our time, unless it be David Roberts or Prout. He has shown almost an equal degree of power in delineating certain aspects of natural grandeur, sublimity, and mystery, but particularly in the wild and majestic cliff scenery of North Britain and Ireland, and in some views of forest scenery. For these romantic elements of the picturesque, both in nature and in art, we do not know any English or foreign painter or designer, now living, who has a more genuine talent than Samuel Read.

The popularity of his works is therefore due to their real merits of conception and execution, and likewise, we think, to the wholesome national predilection, in this age, for all that belongs to the historical and legendary associations of the past, in our own country, and in the nearest allied countries of Western Europe. This sentiment, which has, since the appearance of Sir Walter Scott's poems and tales, gained a predominance in the public mind, is confirmed by the greater amount of attention now bestowed on Shakespeare and other great authors of the national literature preceding the conventional style of the last century. The diligent pursuit of local antiquarian researches, under the auspices of our archaeological societies going round from one county town to another, has had a powerful effect in the same direction. We should regard the acceptability of *Leaves from a Sketch-Book* as one of the most significant tokens that these influences continue, without abatement, to affect the taste of the present generation. The volume consists of about one hundred and thirty sketches, mostly of architecture, found in the old provincial towns of England and Scotland, of Normandy and Picardy, of Flanders or Belgium, of the Suabian, Westphalian, and old Prussian parts of Germany, and of Castile or Old Spain. The places so illustrated are thirty-four—namely, in England, Bury St. Edmunds, Oxford, Lincoln, Norwich, Leicester, York, Lancaster, Chester, Salisbury, Carisbrooke, Exeter, St. Anthony (Cornwall), the Isle of Thanet, and Alnwick, with two or three more; in Scotland, Edinburgh, Linlithgow, St. Andrew's, Dundee, and Cawdor; in France and Belgium, Reuen, Caen, Falaise, Dieppe, Abbeville, Ghent, Antwerp, and Brussels; in Germany, Frankfort, Nuremberg, Bamberg, Brunswick, Lübeck, Dantzig, and Königsberg; in Spain, Toledo and Valencia. Each town has, in general, four or five illustrations, which are devoted not to the cathedrals, but rather to the examples of civic and domestic architecture, or to characteristic street views, antiquated methods of construction and ornamentation, nooks and corners of quaint appearance in the neighbourhood of old city ramparts, and lonely fragments of the mighty castles and wealthy abbeys that used to rule over social life. Every reader of history, or of the Waverley Novels and Lord Lytton's historical romances, must appreciate the special value of such faithful local representations, to fix and guide the memory of names and incidents, or to help in forming a true image of the world in bygone ages. For this reason we consider Mr. Read's work not less useful than delightful; and we have the more pleasure in again calling attention to the reprint of so numerous a collection of our own engravings, since they are occupied with subjects of that kind.

A concise memoir, descriptive or historical, of each town or district visited by the artist with his sketch-book, is prefixed to every group of sketches; about two or three minutes' easy reading, within little more than a page. The book will thus supply, as it lies on a drawing-room table, just the amount and just the sort of rational entertainment, with some degree of instruction, that is desirable to fill up the vacant moments of conversation at an evening party or a morning call. It is the more suitable for that purpose because its subjects can hardly fail to suggest fresh topics of conversation in the reminiscences or inquiries of travel, "at home or abroad," which all educated persons like to exchange with each other.

A commendable instance of that enlightened zeal for provincial antiquities to which we have alluded is the work of a Sussex clergyman in his own county. The Rev. P. de Putron,

Rector of Rodwell, Lewes, with the object of aiding the School of Science and Art in that town, has published a book of *Nooks and Corners of Old Sussex* (sold by Farncombe and Co., printers, Lewes), which pleases us not a little. Its contents are defined as "choice examples of Sussex archaeology, illustrated by numerous engravings, with original and selected notes." The author has had the assistance of Mr. Mark Antony Lower, and of the committee of the Sussex Archaeological Society in collecting his materials. These are of varied character, views in the older parts of towns and villages, castles, Saxon, Norman, and Early English abbeys, priories, and churches, old mansions and houses, gateways and bridges; also carvings, jewels, bronze and iron work, urns and other pottery, monumental brasses and effigies, coins, seals, and tokens of the local olden times. Opposite each page of engravings the author has placed the appropriate notes, or extracts from books of county history and of antiquarian lore, stating what is known of the places and objects here presented. It will be observed with regret that some of the most curious and finest ancient buildings have ceased to exist, and they are shown in this book from drawings made before their demolition. Mr. De Putron gives some illustrations of Hurstmonceux, which is interesting to many readers for the sake of the Hare family, and which is a fine example of the fifteenth-century castellated mansion. He also presents views of Pevensey Castle, a two-fold Roman and Norman fortress of the first rank; the towns and castles of Lewes and Hastings, the Castle of Arundel, the Abbeys of Battle and of Robertsbridge; the Priories of Boxgrove, Michelham, Bardham, and Dureford; the manor-houses of Wakehurst, Slaugham, Danny, Gravetye, Mayfield, Paxhill, Cowdray, and Brambletye, some old houses about Lindfield, and other noteworthy memorials of past ages in Sussex. These are quite deserving of study.

Six of the most interesting rural seats of old English noble and gentle families, which claim remembrance for their connection with important historical events, are described by Mr. Stephenson Thomson, and illustrated in above twenty photographs. They fill, with some chapters of narrative and commentary very well written, a volume entitled *Old English Homes: a Summer Sketch-Book* (Sampson Low and Co.). The places chosen for this agreeable mode of treatment all lie in the home counties, and within easy reach of London. They are Ightham Mote, near Penshurst, in Kent, which belonged to the Fairfaxes; Hever Castle, the birthplace of Anne Boleyn; Penshurst, where Sir Philip Sidney wrote his "Arcadia;" Knole, in its noble park, the mansion of that accomplished profligate of Charles II.'s Court, the Earl of Dorset; Great Hampden, in the Chiltern Hills, the home of that illustrious patriot who fought and bled on the neighbouring field of Chalgrove; and Stoke Pogis, near Eton, where Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" was conceived and composed. We are especially pleased with the chapter on Hampden; but the whole substance of the book is good, and the photographs add much to its value.

There is a copious vein of original poetry, with the finest ornamental and illustrative engravings, in the volume of *Historical and Legendary Ballads*, by Mr. Walter Thornbury, which is published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Its contents are classified according to the nationality of the subjects treated—viz., Greek, Roman, Oriental, Norse, Saxon, Norman and Medieval, English, Scottish, French, German, Flemish, Swiss, Italian, and American, and miscellaneous; but they are freely mixed together in the volume. Mr. Thornbury's varied literary powers and accomplishments have long been recognised. This is scarcely a convenient opportunity for estimating his genius as a poet. He is a scholar, a man of taste, and a skilful man of letters; he has studied a wide range of historical and poetical subjects; and he has the art of composing verse in many different measures, so as to run and dance briskly along upon a story-telling errand. These are sufficient qualifications for his undertaking in the beautiful work now before us, which derives, of course, no small part of its value from the numerous original designs of such artists as Poynter, Tenniel, Sandys, Whistler, A. B. Houghton, F. Walker, Pinwell, and others, made expressly for Mr. Thornbury's poems. The engraving and printing, by Dalziel, the superb quality of the paper, and the richly-decorated binding, make this one of the most splendid books of the season.

The designs of Moritz Retsch to illustrate the most popular conceptions of the great German poets have long been highly esteemed by the lovers of romantic literature and of imaginative art. Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have now published five oblong volumes of a handy size, containing finely engraved copies of those works, and English verse translations or abridgments of the poems. These are Goethe's "Faust," Schiller's "Song of the Bell," "Fridolin," and "Fight with the Dragon," and Bürger's "Ballads," including the famous "Lenore."

"LIGHT AND SHADOW."

All things move conjointly double
In this sublunar sphere:
Mirth trips up the heels of trouble,
Brightest smile has kindred tear;
Now we weep as bursts some bubble,
Soon our eyes are shining clear.

Day and night, linked in close tether,
Chased and chasing, whirl around;
Life and death are knit together,
Most indissolubly bound;
Autumn heralds wintry weather,
Then spring brightens all the ground.

Each from each in turn outspring,
Dual-tongued its message saith;
As the same bell may be ringing
For a marriage or a death;
While a victory sets some singing,
Others shuddering, hold their breath.

Light and shadow closely mingle
In the gracious scheme divine;
Joy and sorrow come not single,
But join hands and intertwine;
Now with bliss our beings tingle,
Now in grief we lie supine.

If we kept life as we take it,
With its sweet vicissitude!
But our crimes and errors make it
Oft a nest of scorpion brood;
Knowing good, we yet forsake it,
Well content with swinish food.

Did we strive to ligh'en sorrow,
Give the wronged a righteous aid,
Then new light our life would borew,
And a host of wrongs be laid;
Then would dawn each coming morrow
Fairer on a world new made.—J. L.

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BENNETT'S GOLD PRESENTATION
WATCHES, 10 gs., 20 gs., 30 gs., 40 gs.BENNETT'S LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS
WATCHES, from 10 gs.BENNETT'S KEYLESS SILVER
WATCHES, from 6 gs.

BENNETT'S KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETERS, compensated for variations of temperature, adjusted in positions, with improved keyless action. In Gold 20 to 40 guineas. In Silver 16 to 25 guineas. Ditto for Ladies, with Richly-Engraved Gold Cases and Dials, from 20 to 30 guineas.

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CHAINS and choice JEWELLERY. Free and safe for
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combination of all the modern improvements in performance, taste, or economy, securing to the wearer the indispensable comfort of perfect time.EVERY WATCH IN THE LATEST
STYLE, AND MOST CAREFULLY FINISHED.
Superior London-made Lever Watches, Jewelled in 4, 6, 8, and
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Horizontal Escapement, Jewelled in 4, 6, or 8 holes.

GENTLEMEN'S.

GOLD. 12 to 20 gs. SILVER. 5 to 10 gs. 5 to 10 gs. 3 to 5 gs.

LADIES'.

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NO KEY REQUIRED.

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Silver 6 Guineas 8 Guineas 10 Guineas.

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Every Watch skilfully Examined, Timed, and its

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LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS ACTION WATCHES, from 10 guineas.

SILVER WATCHES, with Keyless Action, from 6 guineas.

GOLD KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETERS, from 30 to 40 guineas.

SILVER HALF-CHRONOMETERS, from 16 to 25 guineas.

HALF-CHRONOMETERS are compensated for variations of temperature, adjusted in positions, and Wind and Set Hands without Keys.

ENGLISH HALL CLOCKS, chiming the quarters, from 30 guineas.

RICHLY-GILT DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS, with classic designs.

MARBLE DINING-ROOM CLOCKS, with Antique Bronzes.

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WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with
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